

THE
LAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

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PRINTED

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.
CORIOLANUS.

DUBLIN:

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1794.

THE
POETRY AND PROSE
OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.



45
6. 30
574

Persons Repreſented.

KING RICHARD III.

Persons Represented.

King Edward the Fourth.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* }
 K. Edward V. } *Sons to the king.*

Richard, *duke of York,*

George, *duke of Clarence,*

Richard, *duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.* } *Brothers to the king.*

A young son of Clarence.

Henry, *earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

Cardinal Bouchier, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Archbishop of York. Bishop of Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk : Earl of Surrey, his son.

Earl Rivers, brother to K. Edward's Queen :

Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her sons.

Earl of Oxford.

Lord Hastings.

Lord Stanley.

Lord Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. Sir Richard Ratcliff.

Sir William Catesby. Sir James Tyrrel.

Sir James Blount. Sir Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Christopher Urswick, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sherifff of Wiltshire.

Elizabeth, Queen of K. Edward IV.

Margaret, widow of K. Henry VI.

Dutcheſs of York, mother to K. Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloſter.

Lady Anne, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, ſon to K. Henry VI. ; afterwards married to the duke of Gloſter.

A young daughter of Clarence.

Lords and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen, a Purſuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Meſſengers, Ghoſts, Soldiers, &c.

S C E N E, England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent²
Made glorious summer by this sun of York³;

And

¹ According to the received account Henry the Sixth was murdered in the Tower by Richard Duke of Gloster, May 21, 1471; as I have said at the end of this note. It has been since observed to me by Mr. Elderton (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancastrian historians without any foundation,) that "it appears on the face of the public accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived till the 12th of June, which was twenty-two days after the time assigned for his pretended assassination; was exposed to the public view in St. Paul's for some days, and interred at Chertsey with much solemnity, and at no inconsiderable expence."

MALONE.

This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485.

THEOBALD.

It appears that several dramas on the present subject had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. See the notes at the conclusion of this play. which was first enter'd at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wise, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence*. Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A Tragical report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad*. It may be necessary to remark that the words, *song, ballad, book, enterlude and play*, were often synonymously used

STEEVENS.

This play was written, I imagine, in the same year in which it was first printed, — 1597. The *Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagars, was printed in the first edition of *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1559, and in that of 1575; and 1587, but Shakspeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a subsequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inserted, by Richard Nichols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was published, Nichols, as Mr. Warton has observed, was but thirteen years old. *Hist. of Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 267.

The

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
 And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
 He capers ⁵ nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald supposed;) for the second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who was murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

MALONE.

2 —the winter of our discontent—] So, in an old play entitled *Wily Beguil'd*:

"Presaging some good future hap shall fall,

"After these blasty ring blasty of discontent."

Wily beguil'd had appeared before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in a pamphlet, entitled *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, which was published in that year. MALONE.

3 —this sun of York;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a sun, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. STEEVENS.

* Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;

Our bruised arms, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Made glorious by his manly chivalry,

"With bruised arms and wreaths of victory."

MALONE.

4 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds, &c.] Shakspeare

seems to have had the following passage from Lily's *Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584, before him when he wrote these lines: "Is the warlike sound of drum and trumpet turn'd to the soft noise of lyre and lute? The neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smook, converted to delicate tunes, and amorous glances?" &c. R.T.D.

The *Measures* were in our author's time a species of dance. A *barbed* steed is a horse covered with a caparison or trappings. *Barbed* and *barred* are (as Mr. Steevens has suggested) synonymous; or rather, *barbed* is a corruption of *barded*. See "A *Barbed* horse," and "*Barde*," in Minshew's *Dict.* 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horse-trappings*." MALONE.

5 He capers—] War capers. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

But

KING RICHARD III.

5

But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determin'd to prove a villain,

* B 5

And

⁶ *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature.*] By *dissembling* is not meant hypocritical nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. **WARBURTON.**

Dissembling is here put very licentious for *fraudful, deceitful.*

JOHNSON.

I once thought that Dr. Johnson's interpretation was the true one, *Disimulation* necessarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been sufficient to induce Shakspeare to use the two words as synonymous, though fraud certainly may exist without dissimulation. But the following lines in the old *K. John*, 1591, which our author must have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and seem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

“ Can nature so *dissemble* in her frame,
“ To make the one so like as like may be,
“ And in the other print no character
“ To challenge any mark of true descent?”

Feature is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general. **MALONE.**

⁷ *And descant on mine own deformity.*] *Descant* is a term in music, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without such an idea of the nature of *descant*, could not be discerned. **SIR J. HAWKINS.**

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here used in its secondary and colloquial sense, without any reference to music. **MALONE.**

⁸ *And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover.*] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. **JOHNSON.**

* —since I cannot prove a lover,

To entertain these fair well-spoken days,] I am strongly inclined

And hate the idle pleasures⁹ of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous¹,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true and just²,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophesy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grate?

Clar. His Majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—

O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,

That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower.

But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

clined to think that the poet wrote—these fair well-spoken *dames*, and
 that the word *days* was caught by the compositor's eye glancing on a
 subsequent line. So, in the quarto copy, of this play, printed in 1612,
 Signat. I:

I, my lord, but I had rather kill two *deep* enemies.

King. Why, there thou hast it; two *deep* enemies.

In the original copy, printed in 1597, the first line is right:

“—kill two enemies.” MALONE.

9 And hate the idle pleasures—] Perhaps we might read:

And hate the idle pleasures—. JOHNSON.

1 —inductions dangerous,] Preparations for mischief. The *induction*
 is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.
 Marston has put this line, with little variation, in the mouth of
 Fame:

“Plots ha’ you laid? *inductions* dangerous?” STEEVENS.

2 —Edward be as true and just,] The meaning is, if Edward keeps
 his word. JOHNSON.

Clar.

KING RICHARD III.

7

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,
As yet I do not : But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophesies, and dreams³ ;
And from the cross row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G.
It follows in his thought, that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these⁴,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by women :—
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower ;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.*
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there⁵,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower ;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar.

³ He hearkens after prophesies, and dreams:] From Holinshed :
" Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a
foolish prophesie, which was, that after king Edward should reign one
whose first letter of his name should be a G ; wherewith the king and
the queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge
against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to
his end." Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that the
English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or
other, by which they accounted for every event. MALONE.

⁴—toys—] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. iv :

" The very place puts toys of desperation

" Without more motive into every brain—." REED.

* That tempts him to this harsh extremity] Since this play was
printed off, I have been favoured by Penn Ashton Curzon, Esq. with
the use of the original quarto, published in 1507, which I have collated
verbatim with that of 1598. In the first copy this line stands thus :

That tempers him to this extremity.

and so undoubtedly we should read. To temper is to mould, to fashion.

So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

" Now will I to that old Andronicus ;

" And temper him, with all the art I have,

" To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths."

In the quarto, 1598, *tempts* was corruptly printed instead of *tempers*.
The metre being then defective, the editor of the folio supplied the
defect by reading—

That tempers him to this harsh extremity.

MALONE.

⁵—her brother there,] There is in this place according to our
author's usual practice, a disyllable. MALONE.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining⁶ to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself⁷,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years⁸: fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a boony eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

⁶ *Humbly complaining, &c.*] I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence. JOHNSON.

⁷ *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,*] That is, the queen and Shore. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Well struck in years:*] This odd expression in our language was preceded by one as uncouth though of a similar kind.

"*Well shot in years he seem'd,*" &c. Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. vi: The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has observed in his *Essay on the Fairy Queen*, by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. STEEVENS.

Clar.

KING RICHARD III.

*9

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects⁹, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—

Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister¹,—

I will perform it, to enfranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce²; farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

⁹ — *the queen's abjects*—] That is, not the queen's subjects, whom she might protect, but her abjects, whom she drives away. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Case is altered. How? Ant Dalia, and Millo, 1604*:

"This ugly object or rather abject of nature." HENDERSON.

I cannot approve of Dr. Johnson's explanation. *The queen's abjects* means the most servile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands, which would not be the case of those whom she had driven away from her. In the preceding page Gloucester had said of Shore's wife—

"— I think, it is our way,

"If we will keep in favour with the king,

"To be her men, and wear her livery."

In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says to Shit, "I'll make thee sloop, thou abject." MASON.

¹ *Were it to call king Edward's widow—sister.*] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king Edward's wife, sister.* I will solicit for you, though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping, as it were casually, *widow*, into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king.

JOHNSON.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expression of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey*, whom Edward had chosen for his queen. Gloucester has already called her, *the jealous over-worn widow*. STEEVENS.

² *I must perforce*] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd³,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul⁴, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exeunt HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to baffle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:

³ — *should be mew'd,*] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Alumazar*:

"Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*."

"From brown fear feathers of dull yeomanry,

"To the glorious bloom of gentry." STEVENS.

⁴ Now, by saint Paul,—] The folio reads—*Now, by saint John.*

STEVENS.
What

What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is—to become her husband, and her father:
 The which will I; not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market:
 Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Street.

Enter the corse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady Anne as mourner

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament⁵
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
 Poor key-cold⁶ figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

⁵ — obsequiously lament] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means funeral. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. ii:

"To do obsequious sorrow." STEEVENS.

⁶ — key-cold—] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. So, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 16.17:

"The key-cold figure of a man." STEEVENS.

Again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream

"He falls—." MALONE.

Stabb'd

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds !
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :—
 O, curfed be the hand, that made these holes !
 Curfed the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 Curfed the blood, that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness * !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—
 Come, now, towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there ;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corse, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys ?

1. Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command :
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
 Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*

* — to his unhappiness ?] To his mischievous disposition.

MALONE.

7 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.] So, in *Hamlet* :

" I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." JOHNSON.

Anne.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell;

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.⁸—

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!⁹—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

⁸ — pattern of thy butcheries:] Pattern in instance, or example.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Legend of Lord Hastings, Mirrour for Magistrates*,
1537:

“By this my pattern, all ye peers, beware.” MALONE.

Holinshed says: “The dead corps on the Ascension even was conveyed with billes and glaives pompousle (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of saint Paule, and there laid on a beire or coffin bare-faced; the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thence he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewise.” See

STEVENS.

⁹ — [see dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—]. It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“The more I found his name, the more he bleeds:

“This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth

“Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.”

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

“The captain will assay an old conclusion often approved; that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again and boils afresh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty against the murderer.”

Mr. Tollet observes that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases, as appears from *Pitt's Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEVENS.

See also *Demonologies*, quarto, 1603, p. 79, and Coulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, translated by Grimeston, quarto, 1607, p. 411. REED.

For

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man;
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

¹ *Vouchsafe diffus'd infection of a man.* I believe, *diffus'd* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

— rush at once

“With some *diffused* song.”

Again, in Green's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: “I have seen an English gentleman so *defused* in his lutes; his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice,” &c. STEEVENS.

Anne.

Anne. Why then, they are not dead * ;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy soul's throat thou ly'st ; queen Margaret
saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoaking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders †.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him ‡.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method † ;

* *Why then, they are not dead ;*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *Then say, they are not slain.* MALONE.

† *That laid their guilt—*] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward. JOHNSON.

‡ O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the king of heaven, &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1639 :

"I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.

"*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her." STEEVENS.

† — a slower method ;—] As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. In the next scene lord Grey desires the queen to cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words. STEEVENS.

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death thy
life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he?

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at
me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

[*Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the causer as ill as the executioner? She answers, thou wast both. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608:

" — thou art the cause,

" *Effect*, quality, property; thou, they."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "I have read the cause of his *effect* in Galen." STEVENS.

Our author, I think, in another place uses *effect*, for efficient cause. MALONE.

Anne.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford smook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

6 *Would they were basilisks, &c.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Make me not sighted like the basilisk;

"I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

"By my regard, but kill'd none so."

See also *K. Henry VI.* P. II. MALONE.

7 — *they kill me with a living death.*] In imitation of this passage, and I suppose, of a thousand more, Pope writes:

"— a living death I bear,

"Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair." JOHNSON.

So, in Watson's Sonnets, printed about 1580:

"Love is a lowly delight, a fogged griefe,

"A living death, an ever-dying life."

We have again the same expression in *Venus and Adonis*:

"For I have heard it [love] is a life in death,

"That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath."

MALONE:

8 *These eyes, which never, &c.*] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

9 *Not, when my father—*] The old copies read — *No, when, &c.* The correction was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary.

The doubt which I suggested concerning the propriety of the change here made by Mr. Pope, and adopted by all the subsequent editors, derives strength from a subsequent passage:

"*Dutch.* I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

"*Q. Eliz.* But I hear, no." MALONE.

I never

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word * ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—
 But 'twas thy beauty¹ that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
 This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

* — *sweet soothing word* ;] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has
 — *sweet soothing word*. MALONE. — But 'twas thy beauty—] Shakspeare countenances the observation,
 that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place²:
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty³ see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already⁴.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, and two Gentlemen.*]

¹ — Crosby-place:] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster. JOHNSON.

Crosby-place is now Crosby-square in Bishopsgate-street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. Sir J. HAWKINS.

³ — with all expedient duty—] Will see you as soon as I possibly can, after I have discharged the duty I have imposed on myself. ANON.

⁴ Imagine, I have said farewell already.] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III.* for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

When future chronicles shall speak of this,

They will be thought romance, not history. STEEVENS.

Glo. Take up the corse, firs,

2. Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Fryars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
 What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
 With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I no friends to back my suit withal,
 But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
 And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
 Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury*?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature⁵,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal⁶,—
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woeful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?

* — whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury? Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely August 1471. King Edward however is in the second act introduced dying. That king died in April 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477-8. MALONE.

⁵ *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature.*—i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARBURTON.

⁶ — and, no doubt, right royal,—] Richard means to represent Edward as full of all the noble properties of a king. No doubt, right royal, may, however, be ironically spoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEVENS.

My

My dukedom to a beggarly denier⁷,
 I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man⁸.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave ;
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and Lord GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt, his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have blest'd you with a goodly son,
 To be your comforter, when he is gone.

⁷—a beggarly denier.] A denier is the twelfth part of a French sou, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar. So, in the *Cunning Northern Beggar*, b. l. an ancient ballad :

"For still will I cry, good your worship, good sir,

"Bestow one poor denier, sir." STEEVENS.

⁸ a marvellous proper man.] *Marvellous* is here used adverbially. Proper in old language was *handsome*. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet?
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond*, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

9 It is determin'd, not concluded yet:] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. *WARBURTON.*

— and Stanley.] The old copies all have *Derby*, instead of *Stanley*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who has shewn the necessity of the change by observing that "Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of Edward the Fourth's household, (the person here meant) was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh. Accordingly in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley."

MALONE.

** The countess Richmond,—]* Margaret daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to K. Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards K. Henry VII. she married first Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphry duke of Buckingham, and secondly, Thomas lord Stanley. *MALONE.*

Q. Eliz.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make attonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them² to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never
be;—
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, sly, insinuating Jacks³?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,

² —to warn them—] i. e. to summon. So, in *Julius Caesar*:

"They mean to warn us at Philippi here." STEEVENS.

³ —insinuating Jacks?] Smooth, deceitful persons.

Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it*.

Glo. I cannot tell ;—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey^s where eagles dare not perch :
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster ;

You envy my advancement, and my friends :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord : for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers ?—why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,

4 *Of your ill-will, &c.*] This line is restored from the first edition.
POPE.

By the first-edition Mr. Pope, as appears from his *Table of Editions*,
means the quarto of 1598. But that and the subsequent quartos read
— and to remove. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. The
folio has only—

Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground—.

Here clearly a line was omitted ; yet had there been no quarto copy,
it would have been thought hardy to supply the omission : but of all
the errors of the press omission is the most frequent ; and it is a great
mistake to suppose that these *lacunæ* exist only in the imagination of
editors and commentators. MALONE.

^s — may prey—] The quarto 1598 and the folio read—*make* prey.
The correction, which all the modern editors have adopted, is taken
from the quarto, 1602. MALONE.

And

And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—

To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said⁵

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains⁶ are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil⁷! I remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

⁵ *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said—*] This verse I have restored from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Here we have another proof of a line being passed over by the transcriber, or the compositor at the press, when the first folio was printed, for the subsequent line is not sense without this. MALONE.

⁶ — *my pains—*] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *Out, devil!*] Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Fladden Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, most frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in Act IV:

“—*out on ye, owls!*” STEEVENS.

A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize⁸ his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at saint Albans slain⁹?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king¹;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

⁸ — *royalize*,] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*."

"The triumphs," &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *Was not your husband*,

In *Margaret's battle*, &c.] It is said in *King Henry VI.* that he died in quarrel of the house of York. JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one. See this inconsistency accounted for in the *Dissertation* at the end of the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* MALONE.

¹ — *our lawful king*;) So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quartos. The folio has—*sovereign king*.

In this play the variations between the original copy in the quarto, and folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious. The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio, and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every scene selected such readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page with little use. MALONE.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*advancing.*]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates², that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me³:

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah, gentle villain⁴, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

² *Hear me, you wrangling pirates, &c.*] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragick revolutions. *WARBURTON.*

³ — *which you have pill'd from me.*] *To pill* is to pillage. So, in the *Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638: *Hub, you have pill'd my life.*

"He has not pill'd the rich, nor stay'd the poor." *STEVENS.*

⁴ *Ah, gentle villain.*] *Gentle* is *high-born*. An opposition I meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born* *wretch*. So before:

Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack. *JOHNSON.*

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be used ironically. *MASON.*

⁵ — *what mak'st thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for—*what dost thou in my sight.* So, in *Oribello*:

"Ancient, what makes he here?"

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation.

MALONE.

* *Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward soon afterwards issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till the 14th of April 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477-8. *MALONE.*

A husband,

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
 And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
 'This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
 And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
 And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
 And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
 His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed*.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
 And the most mercilefs, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it⁶

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
 Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me?⁷
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
 That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
 Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king⁸,

* — *hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.*] To *plague* was used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries in the sense of to *punish*. MALONE.

⁶ *Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.*] Alluding to a line in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“What weeping ripe, my Lord Northumberland?” STEVENS.

⁷ *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] Perhaps we ought rather to point thus:

And turn you, all, your hatred now on me?
 to shew that *all* is not to be joined in construction with *hatred*. That the poet did not intend that it should be connected with *hatred*, seems to be indicated by the foregoing line:

What! were you snarling all, &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me?

I have found since this note was written, that this line stands in the first quarto as it is exhibited in the text. MALONE.

⁸ — *by surfeit die your king!*] Alluding to his luxurious life. JONES.

As ours by murder, to make him a king!
 Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
 Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
 Long die thy happy days before thy death;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-mark'd⁹, abortive, rooting hog¹!

*C 5

Thou

⁹ —*elvish-mark'd*,—] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*) have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief.

STEVENS.

¹ —*rooting hog*! She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. JOHNSON.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates* is the following Complaint of Collingburne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime.

"For where I meant the king by name of hog,

"I only alluded to his badge the bore;

"To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;

"Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.

"These metaphors I us'd with other more,

"A:

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature², and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
 Thou rag of honour³! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

"As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,
 To hide the sense that they so wrongly worst."

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog, may be likewise known from a passage in *The Historie of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568.

"Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
 Fette lovell my bounde, and my horne to blowe."

The rhyme for which Collingbourne suffered, was:

"A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
 Rule all England under a hog." STEEVENS.

The persons levelled at by this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliffe, and Lovel, as appears in the *Complaint of Collingbourne*:

"Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,
 A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
 The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
 A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should;
 Lord Lovel barks and byt whom Richard would,
 Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
 Wherewith to ryme I calld the king a hog." MALONE.

² *The slave of nature*,] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakspeare expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"He is deformed, crooked, Sec.
 Stigmatical in making,—"

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery:

"Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him."

WARBURTON.

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our author's *Æpe of Lucretie*, from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking slaves:

"Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot." MALONE.

³ *Thou rag of honour!* Sec.] This word of contempt is used again in *Timon*:

"If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be the subject."

Again, in this play:

"These over-weening rags of France." STEEVENS.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names:

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune⁴!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider⁵,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;

Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd
mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty.
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current⁶:

O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,

⁴ —*flourish of my fortune!*] This expression is likewise used by Massinger in the *Great Duke of Florence*:

“—I allow these

“As *flourishings of fortune.*” STEEVENS.

⁵ —*bottled spider.*] A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.*] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorset, A. D. 1476. PERCY.

The present scene, as has been already observed, is in 1477-8.

MALONE.

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son⁷, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest⁸:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell⁹, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;

⁷ *Witness my son,—*] Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, read—*sun*. MALONE.

⁸ *Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest.*] An *airy* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"It is a subtle bird that breeds among the *airy* of hawks."

STEVENS.

⁹ *Sin, death, and hell,*—] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. BLACKSTONE.

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's¹!

Exit.

Haft. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do some body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd;

He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains²;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scathe to us³.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

[Aside.]

¹ *Live each of you the subjects to his hate,*

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!] It is evident from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third*, he seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which queen Margaret had vented against them; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WALPOLE.

² *He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;]* A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-fly*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Where to relate those famous old verses on Richard III:

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,

Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of Act IV. POPE.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-fly*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. STEEVENS.

From the manner in which the word is used in *King Henry IV.* a *frank* should seem to mean a pen in which any hog is fatted. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank*?" So also, as Mr. Bowle observes to me, in Holinshed's *Description of Britaine*, B. III. p. 1096. "The husbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peason, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneasie coate."

"He feeds like a boar in a *frank*," as the same gentleman observes, is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. MALONE.

³ *—done scathe to us.]* *Scathe* is harm, mischief. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Millions of men oppressed with ruin and *scath*." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

2. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloster.]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing*?

1. Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:

[gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place,
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

* — to dispatch this thing?] Seagars in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, speaking of the murder of Gloster's nephews, makes him say,

"What though he refused, yet be sure you may,

"That other were as ready to take in hand *that thing*."

The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental. MALONE.

Withal

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
 For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
 Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop
 tears⁴:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
 Go, go, dispatch.

1. *Murd.* We will my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE, and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights⁵,
 That, as I am a christian faithful man⁶,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell
 me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy*;

And,

⁴ *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. It is used again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

"Men's eyes must mill-stones drop, when fools shed tears."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598:

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams. MALONE.

⁶ *—faithful man,*] Not an infidel. JOHNSON.

* *—to Burgundy:*] Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death

And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
 What sights of ugly death⁷ within mine eyes!
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels⁸,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom⁹ of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nanty, in January 1476-7. Isabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poison, administered by the duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married in August 1477 Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick. MALONE.

⁷ *What sights of ugly death—*] Thus the folio. The quarto has—
 What ugly sights of death. MALONE.

⁸ *Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,*] *Unvalu'd* is here used for *invaluable*. So, in Lovelace's *Posthumous Poems*, 1659:

“—the *unvalued* robe she wore,

“Made infinite lay lovers to adore.” MALONE.

⁹ *That woo'd the slimy bottom—*] By seeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now say, to *ogle* it. JOHNSON.

Clar.

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the gholt, but still the envious flood;
Kept in my soul¹, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air²;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk³,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea!

Brak. Awak'd you not with this fore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman⁴ which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence!*⁵—
That slabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

¹ Kept in my soul,] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Stops in*. MALONE.

² To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;] Perhaps we should point thus:

To seek the empty vast, and wand'ring air.
that is, to seek the immense vacuity. *Vast* is used by our author as a substantive in other places.

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 1598; the folio has *find*. MALONE.

³ —within my panting bulk,] *Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his cotemporaries for *body*. So again, in *Hamlet*:

“—— it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*,

“And end his being.” MALONE.

⁴ —grim ferryman—] The folio reads—*four* ferryman. STEEV.

⁵ —fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,] *Fleeting* is the same as *changing* *fast*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—— now the *fleeting* moon

“No planet is of mine.”

Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother king Edward IV. STEEVENS.

Environ'd

Environ'd me⁶, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I tremblingly wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me;—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee?;
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife*, and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, slay by me⁸;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good rest!—
[Clarence *reposes himself on a chair.*

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

6 — a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, &c.] Milton seems to have thought on this passage where he is describing the midnight sufferings of *Our Saviour*, in the 4th book of *Paradise Regain'd*:

“ — nor yet stay'd the terror there,

“ Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round

“ Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd—”

STEEVENS.

7 *O God! if my deep prayers, &c.*] This and the three following lines are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. MALONE.

* — *my guiltless wife,*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. MALONE.

8 *I pray thee, gentle keeper, &c.*] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

Keeper, I prithee, sit by me a while. MALONE.

9 *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions, the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words; which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition. POPP.

The keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brackenbury, who was lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right.

MALONE.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil¹;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares²:
 So that, between their titles, and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1. *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1. *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2. *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than tedious:—
 Shew him our commission, talk no more.

[A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
 The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
 I will not reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
 Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep³:
 I'll to the king; and signify to him,
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1. *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: Fare you well. *[Exit Brakenbury.]*

2. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1. *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

¹ *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*

An outward honour for an inward toil;] The first line may be understood in this sense, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impairs the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. JOHNSON.

² *— for unfelt imaginations,*

They often feel a world of restless cares:] They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications. JOHNSON.

³ *Here are the keys, &c.]* So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys. MALONE.

1. *Murd.*

1. *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2. *Murd.* The urging of that word; judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1. *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2. *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2. *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2. *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine⁴ will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1. *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2. *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1. *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2. *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1. *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2. *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities

4 — *this holy humour of mine*—] Thus the early quarto. The folio has—*this passionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors have substituted *compassionate*, unnecessarily. *Passionate*, though not so good an epithet as that which is furnished by the quarto, is sufficiently intelligible.

The second murderer's next speech proves that *holy* was the author's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A little lower, they, from the same apprehension, omitted the word, *'faith*. MALONE.

for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1. *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee⁵, but to make thee sigh.

1. *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd⁶, he cannot prevail with me.

2. *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow⁷, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1. *Murd.* Take him over the costard⁸ with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2. *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1. *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2. *Murd.* Strike.

1. *Murd.* No, we'll reason⁹ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

⁵ Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, &c.] One villain says, *Conscience* is at his elbows, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be *it*, namely, conscience. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare so frequently uses both these pronouns indiscriminately, that no correction is necessary. STEEVENS.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conscience*, and the Devil. But though conscience were not here personified, Shakspeare would have used *him* instead of *it*. He does so in almost every page of these plays. MALONE.

⁶ I am strong-fram'd,—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—I am strong in fraud. MALONE.

⁷ Spoke like a tall fellow,—] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is stout, daring, fearless, and strong. JOHNSON.

⁸ —the costard—] i. e. the head. STEEVENS.

⁹ —we'll reason—] We'll talk. JOHNSON.

It is used in this sense in some other places. MALONE.

1. *Murd.*

1. *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1. *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest² have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law*,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.

¹ *Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read: *Are ye cull'd forth*—. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Are you *drawn* forth among a world of men.

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou *call'd* forth amongst a thousand men,

"To minister this sovereigne antidote?" STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1598. MALONE.

² *What lawful quest*—] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury. JOHNSON.

* *Before I be convict, &c.*] Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in supposing that Clarence was imprisoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried, and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by Edward; but he does not *assert* that the duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death. MALONE.

I charge

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption³
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2. *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2. *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1. *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2. *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1. *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1. *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing⁴, brave Plantagenet,

That

³ — as you hope to have redemption—] The folio reads—as you hope for any goodness. STEEVENS.

This arbitrary alteration was made, and the subsequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. MALONE.

⁴ — springing Plantagenet,] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the spring of life. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579:
"That wouldst me my springing youth to spill" MALONE.

When gallant, [springing,] This should be printed as one word, I think;—gallant-springing. Shalpeare is fond of these compound epithets,

That princely novice⁵, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1. *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault;
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed⁶, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2. *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates
you*.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1. *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones⁷; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1. *Murd.*

thets, in which the first adjective is to be considered as an adverb. So, in this play he uses *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, and *mortal-flaring*.

TYRWHITT.

5 — *novice*,] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. JOHNSON.

6 *If you are hir'd for meed*,] Thus the folio. The quarto 1598, reads, *If you be hired for need*; which is likewise sense: If it be *necessity* which induces you to commit this murder. The original copy in 1597, I find, reads—for *meed*. MALONE.

* — *your brother Gloster hates you*.] Mr. Walpole some years ago, suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the dutchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately published. *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 91. "Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester, went to Shene to pardon; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but they shall part no *livelibood*, as he saith; so, what will fall, can I not say." MALONE.

7 — *he will weep*.

1. *Murd.*

1. *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1. *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2. *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God.
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you^s, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent up from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in distress,—

1. *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

1. *Murd.* Ay, millstones;] So, in Massinger's *City Madam*:

" — He, good gentleman,

" Will weep when he hears how we are used.—

" Yes, millstones." STEEVENS.

* Which of you, &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that they have been inserted in a wrong place. MALONE.

I believe this passage should be regulated thus.

Clar. Relent and save your souls.

1. *Murd.* Relent; 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent—

If two such—

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy—

O, if thine eye—

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not? TYRWHITT.

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not⁹?

2. *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1. *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsiey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.]

2. *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1. *Murd.* How now? what mean'st that thou help'st me
not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2. *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had fav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;

For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.]

1. *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

9 *A begging prince what beggar pities not?* To this, in the quarto,
the murderer replies:

I, thus and thus: if this will not serve,

I'll chop thee in the malmsiey but in the next room.

and then stabs him. STEEVENS.

A C T.

KING RICHARD III. *47

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (led in sick,) Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work:—

You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace¹ my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred², swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

¹ *And now in peace—*] So the quarto. The folio has—*And more to peace—*. MALONE.

² *Dissemble not your hatred, &c.*] I suppose he means, Divest yourselves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore secretly borne to each other. Do not merely, says Edward, conceal and cover over your secret ill will to each other by a shew of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your bosoms. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ;—I will never more remember
our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[embraces Dorset.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [to the Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.

[embracing Rivers, &c.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke³.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen ;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day :—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;

3 — here comes the noble duke.] So the quarto. The folio reads :
And in good time

Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke.

MALONE.

li

If I unwittingly, or in my rage *,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
 'Tis death to me, to be at enmity ;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—
 Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—
 Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
 That all without desert have frown'd on me * ;—
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.

4 If I unwittingly, or in my rage.] So in the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemistick are printed in the old copies, as one line : a mistake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of these plays. Mr. Pope, by whose licentious alterations our author's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage* ; in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

* — *frown'd on me* ;] I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio here adds :

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you ;—

The eldest son of earl Rivers was lord Scales : but there was no such person as lord Woodville. MALONE.

5 I do not know, &c.] Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΗΣ, has this observation. " The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person, than that of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet-companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare ; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place ; *I intended*, saith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies*. The like saith Richard, Act II. sc. i :

I do not know that Englishman alive

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night ;

I thank my God for my humility.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter :—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start,*

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand⁶,
'That came too lag to see him buried :—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit⁷, sovereign, of my servant's life ;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death⁸,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

⁶ — *some tardy cripple, &c.*] This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Drayton has versified in the second canto of the *Barens' Wars* :

“ Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go ;

“ Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *The forfeit*—] He means the remission of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death ?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who su'd to me for him⁹? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd¹?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—

⁹ *Who su'd to me for him?* &c.] This pathetic speech is founded on this slight hint in Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V.* inserted by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were consenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his unfortunate chance, and repent his sudden execution. Insomuch that when any person sued to him for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accustomably say, and openly speake, O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one would make suite! openly and apparently meaning by suche words that by the means of some of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confusion." MALONE.

¹ — *be advis'd?*] i. e. deliberate; consider what I was about to do. So, in the *Letters of the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 279: "Written in haste with short advisement," &c. MALONE.

Come,

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet². O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET,
and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

*Enter the Dutchess of York³, with a son and daughter of
Clarence.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
And cry,—O Clarence, *my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins⁴, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

² *Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.*] Hastings was Lord Chamberlain to king Edward IV. MALONE.

³ *Enter the Dutchess of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. MALONE.

⁴ — *my pretty cousins,*] The dutchess is here addressing her grandchildren, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakespeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. MALONE.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth love you
well :

Incapable and shallow innocents ⁵,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can : for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child :

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice !
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble ⁶, grandam ?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS, and
DORSET, after her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah ! who shall hinder me to wail and weep ?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself-become an enemy.

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence :—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap ?—
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;

⁵ Incapable and shallow innocents,] Incapable is unintelligent.

⁶ — my uncle did dissemble,] Shakspeare uses *dissemble* in the sense of
acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think ; though
strictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections.

MALONE.

MALONE.

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest⁷.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images⁸:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death⁹;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
'To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon¹,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

7 — of perpetual rest.] So the quarto. The folio reads—of never changing night. MALONE.

8 — his-images:] The children by whom he was represented.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, Lucretius says to his daughter,

"O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn." MALONE.

9 But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death:] So, in our author's

Rape of Lucrece:

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold

"In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;

"But now, that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

"Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn."

Again, in his Third Sonnet;

"Thou art thy mother's glass," &c. MALONE.

1 — being govern'd by the watry moon,] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. JOHNSON.

Dutch.

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
 Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
 She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
 I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I²:
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they³:—
 Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

² — and so do I:] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—*so do not they*. MALONE.

³ I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line stand thus:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, and so do they.

The end of the second line is evidently corrupted. In the MS. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

These babes for Clarence weep, [and so do I;

I for an Edward weep,] so do not they.

But the compositor's eye passing over two half lines, the passage was printed thus in the folio, in one line:

These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they.

I have stated this matter thus particularly, because it confirms an observation that I have more than once had occasion to make in revising these plays; that there is reason to suspect that many of the difficulties in our author's works have arisen from the omission of either single words, single lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a solution which readers are very slow to admit, and generally consider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the business of the press (without those proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the first folio affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination. In the plays of which there is no authentic copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces of which there is only a single ancient copy extant, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence.

In this note, and throughout this play, where I have spoken of *the quarto*, without any specification of the year when printed, I meant the quarto 1598, the earliest which I had then seen. The quarto of 1597, I had, corresponds with the text. MALONE.

Pour all your tears ; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother⁴ ; God is much displeased,
That you take with unthankfulness his doing :
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven⁵,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
RATCLIFF, and Others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God blefs thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ; [*Aside.*
I marvel that her grace did it leave out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-forrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :

⁴ *Comfort, dear mother, &c.*] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁵ — *to be thus opposite with heaven,*] This was the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

* *The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts, But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together, Must be preserv'd, &c.*] Their broken rancour recently splinted and knit, the poet considers as a new league of amity and concord ; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preserve. MALONE. Me

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd ⁶
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with ⁷ some little train, my lord of Bucking-
ham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me ⁸; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures ⁹ in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

⁶ *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd—*] Edward the young prince, in his father's life time, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinshed, &c. THEOBALD.

⁷ *Why with, &c.*] This line, and the following seventeen lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁸ *Riv. And so in me;*] This speech (as a modern editor has observed) seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley.

MALONE.

⁹ — *your censures—*] To *censure* formerly meant to deliver an opinion. So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“Cinna affirms the senate's *censure* just,

“And faith, let Marius lead the legions forth.” STEEVENS.

Buck.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of ¹,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then ², for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour : Whither away so fast ?

2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

1. *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2. *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes the better ³ :
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

¹ *As index to the story—*] i. e. preparatory,—by way of prelude.
So, in *Hamlet* :

“ That storms so loud, and thunders in the index.”

See the note on that passage. MALONE.

² *Towards Ludlow then,*] The folio here and a few lines higher, for
Ludlow reads—*London*. Few of our author's plays stand more in need
of the assistance furnished by a collation with the quartos, than that
before us. MALONE.

³ — *seldom comes the better :*] A proverbial saying, taken notice of
in *The English Courtier and Country Gentleman*, quarto, bl. l. 1586,
Sig. B. “ — as the proverb sayth, *seldom comes the better*. VALL.
That proverb indeed is ancient, and for the most part true,” &c.

REED.

The modern editors read—*a better*. The passage quoted above
proves that there is no corruption in the text; and shews how very
dangerous it is to disturb our author's phraseology, merely because it is
not familiar to our ears at present. MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Citizen.

3. *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

1. *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3. *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death ?

2. *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3. *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1. *Cit.* No, no ; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3. *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child ⁴ !

2. *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government ;

That, in his nonage, council under him ⁵,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1. *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3. *Cit.* Stood the state so ? no, no, good friends, God
wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

With politick grave counsel ; then the king

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1. *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mo-
ther.

3. *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father ;

Or, by his father, there were none at all :

For emulation now who shall be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster ;

And the queen's sons and brothers, haught and proud :

And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

1. *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be
well

3. *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks ;

⁴ *Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !* " Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Ecclesiastes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

⁵ That, in his nonage, council under him.] So in the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently used by our author for *who*, and is still so used in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear sense. Dr. Johnson thinks a line lost before this. I suspect that one was rather omitted after it. MALONE.

When

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :
 All may be well ; but if God fort it so,
 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :
 You cannot reason⁶ almost with a man
 That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3. *Cit.* Before the days of change⁷, still is it so :
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2. *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3. *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
 Queen ELIZABTH, and the Dutchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;
 At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night⁸ :
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch.

⁶ *You cannot reason—*] i. e. converse. MALONE.

⁷ *Before the days of change, &c.*] This is from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721. "Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them ; as the sea without wind swell-eth of himself sometime before a tempest" TOLLET.

It is evident in this passage that both Holinshed and Shakspeare allude to St. Luke. See Chap. xxi. 25, &c. HENLEY.

It is manifest that Shakspeare here followed Holinshed, having adopted almost his words. Being very conversant with the sacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangelist in his thoughts when he wrote, above,

"Truly the hearts of men are full of fear" MALONE.

* — *Archbishop of York—*] was Thomas Rotherham. He was made Lord Chancellor by King Edward IV in 1475. MALONE.

⁸ *Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;*

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio reads :

Last night, I heard, they lay at Stoney Stratford,
 And at Northampton they do rest to-night.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

2. Eliz.

An anonymous remarker, who appears not to have inspected a single quarto copy of any of these plays, is much surprised that editors should presume to make such changes in the text, (without authority, as he intimates,) and assures us the reading of the folio is right, the fact being, that "the prince and his company did in their way to London actually lye at Stony-Stratford one night, and were the next morning taken back by the duke of Gloucester to Northampton, where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edw. V. fol. 6."

Shakspeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumstance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the archbishop is speaking the king had not reached Stony-Stratford, and consequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the author's contemplation. Shakspeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the first copy the young king is made to sleep on one night at Northampton, and the archbishop very naturally supposes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is speaking, the king would reach Stony-Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio should have been apprized of the historical fact above stated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the sake of improving the metre, regardless of any other circumstance. How little he attended to the topography appears from a preceding scene, in which Gloster, though in London, talks of sending a messenger to that town, instead of Ludlow.

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved, and therefore we may be sure that Shakspeare did not mean in this instance to adhere to it. According to the present reading, the scene is on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which was on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Messenger* he manifestly does not know, and which Shakspeare did not intend he should appear to know; namely, the duke of Gloucester's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Historical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to presume that Shakspeare in this instance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furnished by the quarto was that which came from his pen; nor is it possible that he could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconsistent with the whole tenour and scope of the present scene. If the archbishop had known that the young king was carried back

Q. *Eliz.* But I hear, no ; they say, my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my broter ; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing⁹, when he was young,
So long a growing and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd¹,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

back to Northampton, he must also have known that the lords who accompanied him, were sent to prison ; and instead of eagerly asking the Messenger "*What news ?*" might have informed him of the whole transaction.

The truth of history is neglected in another instance also. The messenger says, the lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been sent by Gloster to *Pomfret*, whither they were not sent till some time afterwards, they being sent at first, according to Sir Thomas More, (whose relation Hall and Holinshed transcribed) "into the North country, into diverse places to prison, and afterwards all to Pontefract."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

9 — *the wretched'st thing.*] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expectation.

JOHNSON.

1 — *been remember'd.*] *To be remembered* is in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. JOHNSON.

Q. *Eliz.*

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy²:—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.*

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mef. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mef. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mef. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty dukes, Gloster, and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence⁴?

Mef. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind⁵;

² A parlous boy:] *Parlous* is keen, shrewd. So, in *Law Tricks*, 1608:

"A parlous youth, sharp and satirical." STEEVENS.

Parlous rather means *talkative*, I apprehend, being a derivative from *parle*, a conversation or dialogue. ANON.

* *Pitchers have ears.*] Shakspeare has not quoted this proverbial saying correctly. It appears from *A Dialogue both pleasant and piti-ful*, by William Bulleyn, 1564, that the old proverb is this: "Small pitchers have great ears" MALONE.

³ *Enter a Messenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorset.*

STEEVENS.

⁴ *For what offence?*] This question is given to the archbishop in former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the queen or dutchess.

JOHNSON.

The question is given in the quarto to the archbishop, (or cardinal, as he is there called,) where also we have in the following speech, my gracious lady. The editor of the folio altered *lady* to *lord*; but it is more probable that the compositor prefixed *Car.* (the designation there of the archbishop) to the words, "For what offence?" instead of *Qy.* than that *lady* should have been printed in the subsequent speech instead of *lord*. Compositors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each scene ready-composed for use; and hence mistakes sometimes arise.

MALONE.

⁵ *The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—while she, the picture of pure piety,

"Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws—

MALONE.

Insulting

Insulting tyranny begins to jut
 Upon the innocent and awless⁶ throne ;—
 Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
 I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days !
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
 My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
 And often up and down my sons were tost,
 For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :
 And being seated, and domestic broils
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
 Blood to blood, self against self :—O, preposterous
 And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more⁷ !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
 Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go, [to the Queen.]
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods,
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
 The seal I keep ; And so betide to me,
 As well I tender you, and all of yours !
 Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

⁶ —*awless*—] Not producing awe, not revered. To jut upon is to encroach. JOHN OW.

⁷ —*on death*—] So the quarto 1598, and the subsequent quarto. The folio reads—*earth*. MALONE.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The same. A Street.

*The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal Bouchier *, and Others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber⁸.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart⁹.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

* *Cardinal Bouchier.*] Thomas Bouchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486.

MALONE.

⁸ — *to your chamber.*] London was anciently called *Camera regia*.

POPE.

So, in Honeywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1633, ad Part :

" This city, *our great chamber.*" STEEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest. See *Coke's 4 Inst.* 243, where it is styled *Camera regis*; Camden's *Britannia*, 374; Ben Jonson's *Account of King James's Entertainment* in passing to his coronation, &c. RE D.

⁹ — *jumpeth with the heart.*] So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 ;

" Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine."

STEEVENS.

Prince.

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—

[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time¹, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional²:

¹ — in good time.] A la bonne heure. FR. STEEVENS.

² Too ceremonious, and traditional:] Ceremonious for superstitious;
traditional for adherent to old customs. WARBURTON.

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age;
 You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
 The benefit thereof is always granted
 To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
 And those who have the wit to claim the place:
 This prince has neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it:
 And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
 You break no privilege nor charter there.
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men³;
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
 Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
 Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
 If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
 Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
 For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
 Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
 Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

³ *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,*] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practice of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton reads—with the *greenness* of his age; and endeavours to strengthen his emendation by asserting, in general terms, that “the old quarto” reads—*greatness*; from which he considers *greenness* as no great deviation. The truth is, the quarto 1598, and the two subsequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*grossness*. *Greatness* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622.

MALONE.

⁴ *Oft have I heard of sanctuary men, &c.*] These arguments against the privilege of sanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, published by Stowe: “—And verily, I have often heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard earst of sanctuary children,” STEEVENS.

More's *Life of Edward V.* was published also by Hall and Holinshed, and in the Chronicle of Holinshed Shakspeare found this argument.

MALONE.

Prince.

Prince. Is it, upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity⁵,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long⁶.

[*Aside.*

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, }
I moralize two meanings in one word⁷. }

[*Aside.*

Prince.

⁵ *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity.*] *Retail'd* may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNSON.

Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail* in the mercantile sense, has the verb "to *retaille* or *retell*, G. *renommer*, a Lat. *renumerare*;" and in that sense, I conceive, it is employed here.

MALONE.

Richard uses the word *retailed* in the same sense in the fourth act, that he does in this place, when speaking to the queen of her daughter, he says,

"To whom I will *retail* my conquests won." MASON.

⁶ *So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.*]

Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem,
a proverbial line. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Thus, like the formal vice Iniquity,*

I moralize two meanings in one word.] Dr. Warburton reads—like the formal-wise antiquity, and has endeavoured to support this capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which I have not preserved, as in my apprehension it carries neither conviction, nor information with it. To accommodate the next line to his readings, he altered the punctuation of it thus:

— like the formal-wise antiquity,

I moralize;—two meanings in one word.

which has been adopted, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors, who yet did not adopt the reading to strengthen which this alteration was made.

The *Vice, Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be said to *moralize* in general; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often "*moralize two meanings in one word.*"

Our author has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,

"More than his eyes were open to the light."

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,
 VOL. X. *E

His

In which passage it means, "to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks," as in the present passage, it signifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or sentence. So *moral* is used by our author in *Much ado about Nothing*, for a *secret meaning*. "There is some *moral* in this Benediculus." The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present is used metaphorically. Mr. Mason conceives, because what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*, that *word* may here signify a whole sentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight's shield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called "*One word*."

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's Dict. "*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, foole, jester, &c. in a play."] whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, *INIQUITY*, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a dissertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of this play, has shewn, from Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, and *the Devil's an Ass*, that *Ini*quity was sometimes the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens's note in this and the next page, shews, that he was not always so.

The *formal Vice* perhaps means, the *sbrewd*, the *sensible Vice*.—In the *Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal man*" seems to mean, one in his senses; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth Night*, "—this is evident to any *formal capacity*." MALONE.

This alteration [of Dr. Warburton's] Mr. Upton very justly censures. Dr. Warburton, has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary. See the dissertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *some lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line:

So young, so wise, they say, do ne'er live long,
 in which he conceals under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death. JOHNSON.

From the following stage-direction, in an old dramattick piece, entitled, *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610, it appears, that the *Vice* and *Iniquity* were sometimes distinct personages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with the *Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewise makes the distinction in his first speech:

"Ho, ho, ho! these babes mine are all,

"The *Vice*, *Iniquitie*, and *Child Prodigal*."

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmestone near Salisbury. "I know no writer who
 gives

His wit set down, to make his valour live:
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror⁸;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring⁹.
[*Aside.*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord¹; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief; as it is yours:
 Too late he died², that might have kept that title,
 Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo.

gives so complete an account of this obsolete character, as archbishop Harfnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 114, Lond. 1603: 'It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-plays, when the nimble *Vice* would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so *vice*-haunted.' STEEVENS.

⁸ — of this conqueror:] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who probably derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read corruptly—of *his* conqueror.

The original copy reads, as I suspected—*this* conqueror. There is also found the word *needs*, which I supposed to have been introduced in the next page but one by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁹ *Short summers lightly have a forward spring.*] That is, short summers are usually preceded by a forward spring; or in other words, and more appositely to Gloster's latent meaning, a premature spring is usually followed by a short summer. MALONE.

—lightly—;] Commonly, in ordinary course. JOHNSON.

So, in the old proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3. Again, in Ben. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: "He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." STEEVENS.

¹ — dread lord;—] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes, the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON.

² *Too late he died;*] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. WARBURTON.

So,

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle, O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give³.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier⁴.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— I did give that life,

"Which she too early, and too late hath spill'd."

Again, in *King Henry V.*

"The mercy that was quick in us but late," &c. MALONE.

³ — *which is no grief to give.*] *Which to give*, or the gift of which induces no regret. Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift*, and the editor of the second folio capriciously altered the line thus:

And being a toy, *it is* no grief to give. MALONE.

⁴ *I weigh it lightly*, &c.] i. e. I shou'd esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. WARBURTON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii:

"You *weigh* me not,—O that's, you care not for me." STEEV.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me;—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape⁵,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord⁵, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so*.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

⁵ *Because that I am little like an ape,*] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shews it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal, as a bear. The duke therefore, in calling himself ape, calls his uncle bear. JOHNSON.

To this custom there seems to be an allusion in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gipsies*:

“A gypsy in his shape,
“More calls the beholder,
“Than the fellow with the ape,
“Or the ape on his shoulder.”

Again, in the first part of the eighth liberal science, entitled *Art adulandi*, &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel, 1576: “—thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape.”

York also alludes to the hump on Gloster's back, which was common for carrying burthens, as it served instead of a porter's knot.

STEEVENS.

I don't believe that the reproach is what Dr. Johnson supposes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high shoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was the scorn he meant to give his uncle. In the third Act of the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* the same thought occurs to Richard himself, where describing his own figure, he says,

“To make an envious mountain on my back,
“Where sits deformity, to mock my body.” MASON.

⁵ *My gracious lord,*] For the insertion of the word *gracious*, I am answerable. Gloster has already used the same address. The defect of the metre shews that a word was omitted at the press. MALONE.

* — needs will have it so.] The word *needs* was added, to complete the metre, by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

York.

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. Ah if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HAST. Card. and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incens'd⁶ by his suble mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable⁷;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;
thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle Cates-
by,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

⁶ *Was not incens'd*—] i. e. incited. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:
"—how Don John your brother *incens'd* me to slander the lady here."
MALONE.

⁷ — *capable* ;] here, as in many other places in these plays, means
intelligent, quick of apprehension. MALONE.

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Prince. Ah if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hast. Card. and Attendants.*]

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Was not incensed⁶ by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

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He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby;
thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
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Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
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To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
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And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
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Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

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"—how Don John your brother *incensed* me to slander the lady here."
MASON.

⁷ — *capable* ;] here, as in many other places in these plays, means
intelligent, quick of apprehension. MALONE.

Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided councils^s,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will
do⁹:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s — divided councils,] That is, a *private consultation*, separate from the known and publick council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says:

Bid him not fear the separated councils. JOHNSON.

Mr. Reed has shewn from Hall's Chronicle that this circumstance is founded on the historical fact. But Holinshed, Hall's copyist, was our author's authority: "But the protectoure and the duke after that they had sent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Hastings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation *in one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king."—"—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and sayde unto the lorde Hastings, that he much mislyked *these two several counsels.*" MALONE.

⁹ — *will do:*] The folio reads—*will determine.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Before Lord Hastings' House.**Enter a Messenger.**Mef.* My lord, my lord,—*[knocking.]**Hast. [within.]* Who knocks?*Mef.* One from the lord Stanley.*Hast. [within.]* What is't o'clock?*Mef.* Upon the stroke of four.*Enter HASTINGS.**Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?*Mef.* So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—*Mef.* And then he sends you word,He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm²:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

¹ Scene II.] Every material circumstance in the following scene is taken from the *Chronicles*, except that it is a *knight* with whom Hastings converses, instead of *Buckingham*. STEEVENS.

² —the boar had rased his helm] So Holinshed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: "the selfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight in all haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterlie no longer to byde, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a *beare* with his tuske: so *rased* them both by the heades that the bloud ran about both their shoulders. And forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made so fearful an impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to starie, but had his horse readie, if the lorde Hastings would go with him," &c. MALONE.

If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour³, and myself, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby⁴;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance⁵:
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mef. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

³ *His honour*—] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

⁴ *And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby; &c*] So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1575:

“I fear'd the end; my Catesby being there

“Discharg'd all doubts; him held I most entyre.” MALONE.

⁵ —*wanting instance*:] That is, *wanting* some example or act of malevolence, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any immediate ground or reason. JOHNSON.

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*instancie*. MALONE.

The folio reads—*without* instance. STEEVENS.

Hast.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, good my lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That, this same very day, your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do

With some men else, who think themselves as safe

As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear

To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well desert'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boat, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—

You may jest on, but by the holy rood^o,

^o —the holy rood,] i. e. the cross. So, in the old mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"Whan hir swete sone shall on a rood deye." STEVENS.

I do not like these several councils *, I.

Hast. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours ;
And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !

What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STANLEY, and CATESBY.]

How now, sirrah ? how goes the world with thee ?

Pursf. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Pursf. God hold it^s, to your honour's good content !

* *I do not like these several councils,—* MALONE.

7 *They, for their truth,*] That is, with respect to their honesty. JOHNSON.

8 — *hold it,*] That is, continue it. JOHNSON.

Hast.

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There; drink that for me.

[*throwing him his purse.*]

Purf. I thank your honour.

[*Exit Purfuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John⁹, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise¹;

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.*

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand².

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

⁹ — *good sir John.*] *Sir* was formerly the usual address to the inferior clergy. MALONE.

¹ — *exercise;*] Performance of divine service. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confession.

"To draw him from his holy exercise." MALONE.

* *Enter Buckingham*] From the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, where the account given originally by sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey:

"The same morning ere he [Hastings] were up from his bed, where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him sir Thomas Haward, [Howard] sonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courtesaie, to accompaigie him to the counsaill; but forasmuche as the lord Hastings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and hasted him away. This sir Thomas, while the lord Hastings staid a while commonyng with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale, saying to him merily, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you so long with the priest? You have no nede of a priest yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would saye, you shall have nede of one sone." Fol. 59. MALONE.

² — *shriving work in hand.*] *Shriving work* is confession. JOHNSON.

Hast

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I can not stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Pomfret. Before the Castle.

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY,
and VAUGHAN to execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners³.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit* of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Bucking-
ham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,

³ *Come, bring forth the prisoners.]* This speech is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

* — the limit —] for the limited time.

To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
 And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate⁴.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*⁵,
 CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a table: Officers
 of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
 Is—to determine of the coronation:

⁴ *Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.*] Thus the folio. The quarto furnishes a line that has occurred already:

Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Expiate is used for *expiated*; so *confiscate*, *contaminate*, *consummate*, &c. &c. It seems to mean *fully completed*, and *ended*. Shakspeare has again used the word in the same sense in his 22d Sonnet:

"Then look I death my days should *expiate*."

So, in *Lochner*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath."

The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads arbitrarily.

"Dispatch; the hour of death is *now expir'd*."

and he has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁵ *Bishop of Ely.*] Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that see in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpose. MALONE.

In

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord⁶,

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there⁷;

I do

⁶ *Had you not come upon your cue—*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To come on the *cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. JOHNSON.

⁷ *I saw good strawberries—*] The reason why the bishop was dispatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakespeare adopted the circumstance, than in this scene, where it is introduced. Nothing seems to have happened which might not have been

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[Exit ELY.]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham a word with you.

[takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head, were give consent,

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morn-
ing;

There's some conceit or other likes him well⁸,

been transacted with equal security in the presence of the reverend cul-
turator of *these strawberries*, whose complaisance is likewise recorded
by the author of the Latin play on the same subject, in the Museum:

*Eliensis antistes venit? senim quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga plurimum producere.*

EPISCOPUS ELIENSIS.

*Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi,
Quo sim tibi gratus.*

This circumstance of asking for the strawberries, however, may have
been mentioned by the historians merely to shew the unusual affability
and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very
time when he had determined on the death of Hastings. STEEVENS.

⁸ *There's some conceit or other likes him well,*] Conceit is thought. So,
in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Here is a thing, too young for such a place,

"Who, if it had conceit, would die." MALONE.

When

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood⁹ he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve¹,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of

⁹ — *likelihood*—] *Semblance; appearance.* JOHNSON.
So, in another of our author's plays:

“ — *poor likelihoods, and modern seemings.*” STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*liveliness.* MALONE.

¹ *I pray you all, tell me what they deserve, &c.*] This story was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His *History of King Richard III.* was inserted in Hall's *Chronicle*, from whence it was occupied by Holinshed, who was Shakspeare's authority:

“ Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful soure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and so sette him downe in his place.—Then when he had suten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compasse and imagine the destruction of me, being so neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal person and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and sayd, that they were worthie to be punished for hainous traytors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder forcereffe, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye shall all see in what wise that forcereffe, and that other witch of her counsell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their forcerie and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arme, where he shewed a werish withered arme and small, as it was never other.—No man but was there present, but well knew his arme was ever such since his birth. Naythelesse the lord Chamberlaine (which from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the kings life, saving, as it is saide, he that while forbore her of reverence toward the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said, Certainly, my lord, if they have so beinously done, they be worthy beinous punishment. What, quoth the protectour, thou servest me I wene with ifs and

Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done²;

The

and with *ands*: I tell thee they have so done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fist upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, treason, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there rushing men in harnesse, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protectour sayd to the lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor.—Then were they all quickly bestowed in diverse chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protectour bade *speede him and shrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off*.—So was he brought forth into the greene beside the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor, beside the body of king Edward."

M. D. i. e. *Maister John Dolmon*, the author of the Legend of Lord Hastings, in *the Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, has thrown the same circumstances into verse.

Morton, Bishop of Ely, was present at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is supposed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his history in 1505, tells the story differently. *MALONE.*

² *Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;*] In former copies:

Lovel, and Ratcliff, look, that it be done.

The scene is here in the Tower; and lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower? In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Catesby with Hastings.*
And

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me *.

[*Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM,*

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble?

And

And in the next scene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Hastings.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald should have added, that, in the old quarto, no names are mentioned in Richard's speech. He only says—"some see it done." Nor, in that edition, does *Lovel* appear in the next scene; but only *Catesby*, bringing the head of Hastings. The confusion seems to have arisen, when it was thought necessary, that *Catesby* should be employed to fetch the mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been sent for. As some other person was then wanted to bring the head of Hastings, the poet, or the players, appointed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another service on the same day at Pomfret. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation, because in one scene at least it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, this very impropriety is found in the next scene, where *Ratcliff* is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are justifiable. For there, in consequence of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, instead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

Rich. But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Buck. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Catesby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Hastings; nor can that office be assigned to *Lovel* only; because *Gloster* in the folio mentions two persons:

Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and *Lovel*. MALONE.

* *The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.*] So, in the *Battle of Alcasar*, 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me." MALONE.

3 *Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;—*

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,] So, Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "A marvellous case is it to beare, either the warnings of that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void; for the selfe night next before his death the L. Stanley sent a trustie secret messenger unto him at midnight, in all the haste, &c. —Certain it is also, that in riding towards the Tower the same morning in which he [*Hastings*] was beheaded, his horse twise or

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks⁴,
Lives like a drunken sailer on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block⁵, bear him my head;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead⁶.

[*Exeunt.*

or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling: which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward; yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notable foregoing some great misfortune."

A *footcloth*, it has been already observed, signified the housings of a horse. MALONE.

⁴ *Who builds his hope in air, &c.*] So, Horace:

Nescius auræ fallacis. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Come, lead me to the block,*] William lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville earl of Salisbury, and widow of William lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by K. Henry VII. in the first year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Hastings by her first husband was married to the Marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play. MALONE.

⁶ *They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.*] i. e. those who now smile at me, shall be shortly dead themselves. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

The same. The Tower-walls.

*Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour⁴,
marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion⁵: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw bridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

⁴ — *in rusty armour, &c.*] Thus Holinshed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke of Buckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring briganders, such as no man should weene that they would vouchsafe to have put upon their backes, except that some sudden necessitie had constrained them." STEVENS.

⁵ *Intending deep suspicion:*] *Intending* is here, and elsewhere in these plays, used for *pretending*. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL, and RATCLIFF,⁶ with HASTINGS's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a christian⁷;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his conversation⁸ with Shore's wife,—

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd,—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Wer't not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

⁶ *Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff.*—] The quarto has—"Enter Catesby, with Hastings' head," and Gloster, on his entry, says—"O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby." For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliffe is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, I have no doubt that the player-editors are answerable. MALONE.

⁷ — *the earth a christian*;] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor,

This hemistick I have inserted in the following speech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verse.

Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *his conversation*—] i. e. familiar intercourse. The phrase—*criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use. MALONE.

Glo.

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen⁹,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,

⁹ — put to death a citizen,] This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside. GREY.

Which,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
 Without controul, list'd¹ to make his prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
 My princely father, then had wars in France;
 And, by just computation of the time,
 Found, that the issue was not his begot;
 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
 Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
 Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
 Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
 As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
 Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;
 Where you shall find me well accompanied,
 With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
 Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
 Go thou [to Cat.] to friar Penker²;—bid them both
 Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt LOVEL, and CATESBY.]

¹ — his lustful eye—list'd—] So the quarto. The folio has *raging* and *lusted*. MALONE.

* — to doctor Shaw,—] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Instead of a pamphlet being published by the Secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topics of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's cross. As Richard now employed doctor Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain doctor Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. MALONE.

² — to friar Penker;—] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Augustine* friars. See *Speed*. STEEVENS.

Now

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence³ out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd⁴,

3 — *the brats of Clarence*—] Edward earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richmond from Sheriff-hutton Castle (where Gloster had confined him) to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and executed with equal injustice on Tower-hill, on the 21st of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the last prince of the house of Lancaster; who was created by King Henry VIII. countess of Salisbury, and in the 31st year of his reign, (1540) at the age of seventy, was put to death by the sanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII.

The immediate cause of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand king of Spain was unwilling to consent to the marriage of his daughter Catharine to Arthur prince of Wales, while the earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no assurance of the prince's succession to the crown.

The murder of the earl of Warwick (for it deserves no other name) made such an impression on Catharine, that when she was first informed of Henry the Eighth's intention to repudiate her, she exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a just judgement of God, for my former marriage was made in blood." MALONE.

4 *Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd*,] So Holinshed, after Sir Thomas More: "Now was this proclamation made within two hours after that he was beheaded, and it was so curiously indited, and so faire written in parchment, in so well a set hand, and therewith of itself so long a processe, that every child might well perceive that it was prepared before, for all the time between his death and the proclaiming could scant have sufficed unto the bare writing alone, had it been but in paper, and scribbled forth in haste." A by-stander observed, that it must have been dictated by a spirit of prophecy. MALONE.

That

That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
 For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
 The precedent⁵ was full as long a doing:
 And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
 Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
 That cannot see this palpable device?
 Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought⁶. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contrâct with lady Lucy⁷,
 And his contrâct by deputy in France:
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives;

⁵ *The precedent.*—] The original draft from which the engrossment was made. MALONE.

⁶ — *seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

* — *Baynard's Castle.*] A castle in Thames-street, which had belonged to Richard duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandson King Edward V. MALONE.

⁷ — *with his contrâct with lady Lucy.*] This objection to king Edward's marriage with lady Grey, is laid by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the dutchess dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averse to the match, before he espoused that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary historian, says that Edward, previous to his marriage with Lady Grey, was married to an English lady by the bishop of Bath, who revealed the secret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this lady was lady Eleanor Butler, widow of lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by K. Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed, who copied Hall, as Hall transcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France⁸,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones*,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,

8. — his own bastardy,—

As being got, your father then in France.] This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence, soon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law, the earl of Warwick, restored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More says, that the duke of Gloucester soon after Edward's death revived this tale; but Mr. Walpole very justly observes, that it is highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topic to the people; that he should “start doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude.” The same ingenious writer has also shewn, that Richard “lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time.” *Historick Doubts*, quarto, 1768. MALONE.

* — unbreathing stones.] The quarto 1598, and the folio, have —breathing. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Argues

*Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :
And even here brake off, and came away.*

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ; Would they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; Intend some fear ?
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit :

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :

And be not easily won to our requests ;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go ; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee ¹ for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knocks.

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here :
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ? what says your lord to my request ?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day :

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;

9 — intend *some fear* ;] Perhaps, *pretend* ; though *intend* will stand in the same sense of giving attention. JOHNSON.

One of the ancient senses of *intend* was certainly to *pretend*. So, in sc. v. of this act :

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

¹ *As I can say nay to thee,*] I think it must be read :

— *if you plead as well for them*

As I must say, nay to them for myself. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the change is not necessary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens ; and if (says Richard) you *speake for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.* STEEVENS.

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit,

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross² his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take to himself the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay*!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [Exit CATE.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a balcony, above, between two Bishops³;
CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:

And,

² — *to engross*—] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

* — *God defend his grace should say us nay!*] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at St. Paul's Cross. MALONE.

³ — *between two bishops.*] “At the last he came out of his chamber,

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
 True ornaments to know a holy man *.—
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
 I rather do beseech you pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
 That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; Would it might please your
 grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
 The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
 Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 (Which here we waken to our country's good,)
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs * ;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,

Her

ber, and yet not downe to them, but in a galary over them, with a
 bishop on every hande of hym, where they beneath might see him and
 speake to him, as though he would not yet come nere them, til he
 wist what they meant." *Hall's Chronicle.* FARMER.

So also Holinshed after him. The words "*with a bishop on every
 hande of hym,*" are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton,
 (See his Continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol 75,) not being
 found in Sir Thomas More's *History of King Richard III.* folio 1557,
 from whom the rest of the sentence is transcribed. MALONE.

* — *to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man by. Several
 instances of a similar phraseology are given in a former volume.

MALONE.

* — *her proper limbs*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has
 —*his* limbs ; an error which I should not mention, but that it justifies
 corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more
 ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became necessary.

MALONE.

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants⁴,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion⁵.

Which to recure⁶, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:

Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, comforted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best suiteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer*,—you might haply think,

Tongue ty'd

⁴ Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,] Shakspeare seems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross: "Bastard slips shall never take deep root."

MALONE.

⁵ And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph

Of dark forgetfulness—] I believe we should read:

And almost imoulder'd in the swallowing gulph,
That is, almost smother'd, covered and lost. JOHNSON.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thrust in by the shoulders, but, immersed up to the shoulders. So, in *Othello*:

"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips."

"This passage in *Othello*," says Mr. Mason, "is nothing to the purpose. Had *Othello* used the word *lipp'd*, to signify immersed up to the lips, that indeed would justify our supposing that *shoulder'd* might mean immersed up to the shoulders." But the critick mistook the purpose for which the passage was adduced. It was quoted, not to support the word, "*shoulder'd*," but to shew that the same idea had been elsewhere introduced by Shakspeare; that, as in *Othello* he had spoken of being plunged in poverty to the lips, so here he might have intended to describe the royal stock as immersed up to the shoulders in oblivion.

The word *shoulder'd*, in the following lines in Spencer's *Ruins of Rome*, 1591, may certainly only have been used in its more ordinary signification; but I am not sure that the author did not employ it as it is here used by Shakspeare:

"Like as you see the wrathfull sea from farre,

"In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noise,

"Eftsoones of thousand billows shoulder'd narre,

"Against a rock to break with dreadful poyle—"

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing passage, its existence in our author's times is ascertained by it. The word, as Mr. Steevens observes, is likewise used by Drayton in his *Barons' Wars*, Canto III. MALONE.

Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As the ripe revenue and due of birth⁷ ;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
 (And much I need to help you⁸, if need were ;)
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;

⁶ Which is *recur*,] *To recur* is to *recover*. This word is frequently used by Spenser ; and both as a verb and a substantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591. STEEVENS.

* If, not to answer,—] If I should take the former course, and depart in silence, &c. So below : " If, to reprove," &c. The editor of the second folio reads—*For* not to answer ; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the subsequent editors.

This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. MALONE.

⁷ As the ripe revenue, and due of birth ;] So the folio. The quarto thus :

As my *right*, revenue, and due *by* birth.

A preceding line seems rather to favour the original reading :

" Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own."

The first quarto, I find, reads :

" As my ripe revenue, and due by birth." MALONE.

⁸ And much I need to help you, &c.] And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. JOHNSON.

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial⁹,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
 For first he was contrâct to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France¹.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner*,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy²:
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive³,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity:

⁹ — *are nice and trivial*,] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not nice, but full of charge." MALONE.

¹ *To Bona, sister to the king of France*,] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. A2 III. sc. iii. Bona was daughter to the duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

* — *a poor petitioner*,—] See *K. Henry VI.* P. III. A2. III.

MALONE.

² — *loath'd bigamy*,] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinshed: "— the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though she were in all other things convenient for you, should yet suffice, as me seemeth, to restraine you from her marriage, sith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemish and high disparagement to the sacred majestie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach priesthood in cleanness, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamy* in his first marriage."

MALONE.

Bigamy, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.

BLACKSTONE.

³ *More bitterly could I expostulate*,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,] The duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his address to the citizens, the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By "*some alive*," is meant the dutchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard.

MALONE.

If

If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse*,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, whe'er you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [Exit CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,

I must have patience to endure the load:

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

*F 5

YOUR

*—effeminate remorse,} i. e. pity. STEEVENS.

*—I am not made of stone,} The quarto and folio have—stones.
Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of DORSET; on the other, Anne Dutchess of Gloster⁵, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's youngest daughter.

Dutch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet?
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On

⁵ Farewel, good cousin; farewel, gentle friends.] To this act should, perhaps, be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

⁶ — Anne, dutchess of Gloster.] We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby-place. She was married about the year 1472.

MALONE.

⁷ — my niece Plantagenet.] The old dutchess of York calls Clarence's daughter her niece, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called nephews. THEOBALD.

So, in *Othello*, nephews for grandchildren: "—you'll have your daughter

KING RICHARD III.

*163

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brack. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them?

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brack. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brack. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit BRAKENBURY.]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[To the Dutchess of Gloster.]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

daughter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'll have your nephews neigh
to you." MALONE.

— I may not leave it so.] That is, I may not so resign my office, which
you offer to take on you at your peril. JOHNSON.

Anne.

Anne. Despiteful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dor. Be of good cheer :—Mother, how fares your grace ?

2. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels ;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children :
If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam :—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing wind of misery !—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom ; *
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

2. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne.

9 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain ! She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. In the *Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631, this punishment is introduced :

" Fix on thy master's head my burning crown."

Again :

" — was adjudg'd

" To have his head sear'd with a burning crown."

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEVENS.

* *O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !*

Anointed let me be with deadly venom, &c.] So, Marlowe, in his *K. Edward II.*

" — if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,

" Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire ;

" Or, like the snaky wreath of Tefiphon,

" Engirt the temples of his hateful head !" MARLOWE.

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now,
 Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
 When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
 Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
 And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
 For never yet one hour in his bed¹
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd².
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[*To Dorset.*

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*To Anne.*

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*To Q. Eliz.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen³,

¹ *For never yet one hour in his bed*] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

² *But with his timorous dreams*—] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNSON.

³ *Eighty odd years, &c.*] Shakspeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his dutchess was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495. MALONE.

And

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen⁴.

2. *Eliz.* Stay yet⁵; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you antient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow⁶
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell⁷.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room of state in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. Richard, as king upon his throne;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page and Others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch⁸,
To

⁴ And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?”

“Short pleasure, long lament,” is one of Ray's proverbial sentences.
MALONE.

Teen, is sorrow. So in *Romeo and Juliet*: “And yet to my teen be it spoken,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ Stay yet, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. MALONE.

⁶ Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow] To call the Tower nurse and playfellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the lieutenant. JOHNSON.

⁷ So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.] Hither the third act should be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pause of action. JOHNSON.

The folio has—*sorrows*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸—now do I play the touch.] To play the touch is to represent the touchstone. So, in the 16th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“With alabaster, touch, and porphyry adorn'd.”

Again, in the epistle of *Mary the French Queen to Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:

“Before mine eye, like touch, thy shape did prove.”

Again,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :

Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince !—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit *Buck.*

Cate. The King is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip⁹.

[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[descends from his throne.

And unrespective boys¹ ; none are for me,

That look into me with confederate eyes :—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death² ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to do any thing.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. iii :

" Though true as touch, though daughter of a king."

STEEVENS.

⁹ — [see he gnaws his lip.] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry. STEEVENS.

¹ And unrespective boys ;—] *Unrespective* is inattentive, taking no notice, inconsiderate. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 159 :

" When dissolute impiety possess'd

" The unrespective minds of prince and people." STEEVENS.

Unrespective is, devoid of cautious and prudential consideration.

MALONE.

² — close exploit—] is secret act. JOHNSON.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither,
boy.— [Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving witty³ Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish⁴, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

³ — *witty*—] in this place signifies *judicious* or *cunning*. A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify a *man of fancy*, but was used for *wisdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

“Although unwise to live, had *wit* to die.”

Again, in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques*:

“And at her feet do *witty* serpents move.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *The boy is foolish*,—] Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being consequently entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot: and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinshed) was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakspeare's representation. “Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis extra hominum serarumque conspectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab anserem non facile internosceret, cum nullo suo delicto supplicium querere posset, alieno ad id tractus est.” MALONE.

Uncertain

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin⁵.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name — Tyrrel⁶?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon*:

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel;

⁵ — But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.] The same reflections
occur in *Macbeth*:

“ — I am in blood

“ Step'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,

“ Returning were as tedious, &c.

Again:

“ Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.” STEEVENS.

⁶ Is thy name—Tyrrel?] It seems, that a late editor (who boasts much of his fidelity in “marking the places of action, both general and particular, and supplying scenical directions”) throughout this scene, has left king Richard on his throne; whereas he might have learnt from the following passage in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the present interview with Tyrrel, on an elevation of much less dignity. “The best part (says Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the third, written as I have heard by Morton, but as most suppose, by that worthy and incorrupt magistrate Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with Teril to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught; a fit carpet for such a counsel.*” See likewise *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 735. STEEVENS.

For Richard's mode of proceeding on this occasion, there are, it appears, many ancient and dignified precedents. “Maximilian the emperor,” says old Montaigne, “with other customes of his had this one, most contrary to other princes, *who, to dispatch their weightiest affairs, make often their ease in their regal throne or council-chamber,*” which was,” &c. Florio's Translation, 1603. MALONE.

* — deal upon] i. e. act upon. We should now say—deal with; but the other was the phraseology of our author's time. MALONE.

Go,

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight

[*Whispers.*]

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford?, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

7 *The earldom of Hereford, &c.*] Thomas duke of Gloster, the fifth son of Edward the third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun earl of Hereford. The duke of Gloster's nephew, Henry earl of Derby, (the eldest son of John of Gant, duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards K. Henry IV. married the other daughter of the earl of Hereford. The moiety of the Hereford estate, which had been possessed by that king, was seized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the house of Lancaster to that of York. Henry Stafford duke of Buckingham was lineally descended from Thomas duke of Gloster, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandson of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his ancestors had possessed one half of the Hereford estate; and he claimed and actually obtained from Richard III. after he usurped the throne, the restitution of the other half, which had been seized on by Edward; and also the earldom of Hereford, and the office of Constable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168, 169. Many of our historians however ascribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them.

Thomas duke of Gloster was created earl of Hereford in 1386 by K. Richard II. on which ground the duke of Buckingham had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the title; but with respect to the moiety of the estate, he had not a shadow of right to it; for supposing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his sons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. MALONE.

Buck.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—⁸

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by⁹, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike^{*}.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke:

Between

⁸ A king! perhaps—] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

Mr. Pope is inaccurate; the omission extended only to—I am not in the giving vein to day. MALONE.

The allusions to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces. JOHNSON.

These allusions, I trust, have been sufficiently accounted for in the *Dissertation* annexed to the preceding play. MALONE.

⁹—I being by,—] The duke of Gloster was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. Our author seldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

^{*} Well, let it strike.] This seems to have been a proverbial sentence.

So, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 4to, 1593: "Let the clock strike: I have lost more howers, and lose nothing if I find equity." MALONE.

¹ Because, that, like a Jack, &c.] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*.

See Cowley's *Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell*. [Vol. II. p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard resembles Buckingham to one of those automations, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bell, but

strike,

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. Is it even so ? repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone
To Brecknock *, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.

strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations. *SIR J. HAWKINS.*

So, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ ——— Is this your *Jack o' the clock-house* ?

“ Will you *strike*, sir ?”

Again in a pamphlet by Decker, called the *Gulls Hornbook*, 1609 :
“ — but howsoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbows,
and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted
them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery
coneyne you any longer.” *STEVENS.*

These automats were called *Jacks* of the clock house, because
Jack in our author's time was a common appellation for a mean con-
temptible fellow, employed by others in servile offices. *MALONE.*

* — to Brecknock,] To the Castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the
duke of Buckingham's estate lay. *MALONE.*

A book

*A book of prayers on their pillow lay²;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.*

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewel, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close³;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage⁴;

² O thus quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—

Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another

Within their alabaster innocent arms:—

A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murderer of Edward V.* in *The Golden Garland of princely delight*. The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

“When these sweet children thus were laid in bed,

“And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,

“Sweet slumb'ring sleep then closing up their eyes,

“Each folded in the other's arms then lies.”

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this, and many other of our ancient ballads.

STEEVENS.

³ *The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;*] He was confined in Sheriff Hutton Castle, in Yorkshire. MALONE.

⁴ *His daughter meanly, &c.]* See p. *72. n. 3. MALONE.

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
 Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond * aims
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
 And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
 Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
 Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay⁵;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
 Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow⁶,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

* — *the Bretagne Richmond*—] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewkesbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of K. Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody.

MALONE.

⁵ — *fearful commenting*

Is leaden servitor, &c.] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *begins to mellow, &c.*] The same thought occurs in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

“ — now in his fate grown mellow,

“ Instant to fall into the rotten jaws

“ Of chap fall'n death.” STEEVENS.

Here

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction⁷ am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right⁸
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?⁹

⁷ — *dire induction*—] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *say, that right for right*] This is one of those conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right is justice answering to the claims of justice.* So, in this play: — *that forehead*

Where shou'd be branded, if that right were right,— JOHNSON.
In the third scene of the first act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to the divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to say, The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn. MALONE.

⁹ *When didst thou sleep, &c.*] That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the first folio. The editor of the second folio changed *When* to *Why*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margaret's answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy.

MALONE.

Q. Mar.

2. *Mar.* When holy Harry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

2. *Eliz.* Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we? [*Sitting down by her.*]

2. *Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory¹,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand².
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband*, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

2. *Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,

¹ —*seniory*,] for *seniority*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Slowe's Chron.* edit. 1615, p. 149: "—the son of Edmund, the son of Edward the *seignior*, the son of Alured," &c. STEEVENS.

The word in the quarto is *signorie*, in the folio *signeurie*, and it has been printed *signiory* in the late editions: but as in general modern spelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode should be adhered to in this particular instance. In the *Comedy of Errors*, *senior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—"We'll draw cuts for the *signior*." The substantive in the text is evidently formed by our author from hence. MALONE.

² *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"By this starts Collatine as from a dream,

"And bids Lucretius give his sorrows place." MALONE.

* *I had a husband*,] The quarto has—a *Richard*, which the editor of the folio corrected by substituting—a *husband*. I believe Shakespeare wrote—I had a *Henry*. In a subsequent speech in this scene, "my brother" being printed in the quarto by mistake, instead of "thy brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *husband*. MALONE.

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth;
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
 O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
 How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pue-fellow³ with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

2. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge;
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot⁴, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragick play,
 The adulterate Hastings⁵, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead

³ *That reigns, &c.*] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors. Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

These two lines are found only in the folio, and are there transposed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁴ *And makes her pue-fellow—*] *Pue-fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*. JOHNSON.

Pue-fellow is a word yet in use. Sir J. HAWKINS.

I find the word in *Northward Ho*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Young York he is but boot,*] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. JOHNSON.

⁶ *The adulterate Hastings,—*] Hastings was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her husband. So, the Ghost, in *Hamlet*, speaking of the King, says:

"—that incestuous, that adulterate beast." STEEVENS.

2. *Eliz.* O, thou didst prophesy, the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

2. *Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant⁷,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot⁸;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this*, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about⁹,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,

7 *The flattering index of a direful pageant,*] *Pageants* are dumb shews, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

8 — *a garish flag,*

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;] Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS.

* *Decline all this,*] i. e. run through all this from first to last. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "I'll decline the whole question." This phrase the poet borrowed from his grammar. MALONE.

9 — *wheel'd about,*] Thus the quarto's. The folio—*wheel'd about*. STEEVENS.

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewel, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. *Eliz.* O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. *Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day*;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer¹ than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. *Eliz.* My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. *Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like
 mine. [Exit Q. MARGARET.]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. *Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes²,
 Airy successors of intestate joys³,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart*.

*G 2

Dutch.

* *Forbear to sleep—and fast—*] *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and fast during the day. The quarto reads—to sleep the *nights*, and fast the days. MALONE.

¹ —were fairer—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*sweeter*.

MALONE.

² *Why should calamity be full of words?*

Windy attorneys to their client woes,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“So of concealed sorrow may be said:

“Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;

“But when the heart's attorney once is mute,

“The client breaks as desperate of his suit.”

The quarto reads—*your client woes*. The folio—*their clients woes*.

MALONE.

³ —intestate joys,] So the quarto. The folio reads corruptly *intestine*. The metaphor is extremely harsh. The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and mere verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.

MALONE.

* —though what they do impart

Help

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams,

[*Drum, within.*]

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done,

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say,—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently bear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.] So, in Macbeth:

“Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,

“Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

The quarto reads—*Help not at all.*—MALONE.

4.—*a touch of your condition.] A spice or particle of your temper
or disposition.* JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's translation of the 24th Iliad:

“his cold embrac'd a fiery touch

“Of anger, &c. STEEVENS.

Dutch.

Dutch. Art thou so halty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me^s in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphry Hour⁶, that call'd
your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;

^s *That ever grac'd me*—] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *blest*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours.

JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Humphry Hour*,] This may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the dutchess had been suspected. I cannot find the name in Holinshed. Surely the poet's fondness for a quibble has not induced him at once to personify and christen that *hour* of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, *Hour*, is at hand." STEEVENS.

I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a similar conceit: a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Heues*) the person addressed.

MALONE.

And

And there the little souls of Edward's children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory!
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
 Shame serves thy life⁷, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
 Abides in me; I say amen to her. [going.

K. Rich. Stay, madam⁸, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
 For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
 Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood⁹.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite¹.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny².

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
 My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
 Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
 Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
 Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

⁷ *Shame serves thy life,—*] To serve is to accompany, servants being near the persons of their masters. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Stay, madam.*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*she is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—*she is a royal princess.* STEEVENS.

¹ *Lo, at their births—*] Perhaps we should read—*No, at their births—* TYRWHITT.

² *All unavoided, &c.*] i. e. unavoidable. So before:

"Whose unavoided eye is dangerous." MALONE.

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
 Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart²,
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
 But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
 And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
 And dangerous success of bloody wars,
 As I intend more good to you and yours,
 Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
 To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
 The high imperial type³ of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
 Canst thou demise⁴ to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
 Will I withal endow a child of thine;
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

² Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,] This conceit seems to have been a great favourite of Shakspeare. We meet with it more than once. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

"Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

"To stab," &c.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Not on thy seal, but on thy soul, barst Jew,

"Thou mak'st thy knife keen—" STEEVENS.

³ The high imperial type—] Type is exhibition, shew, display.

JOHNSON.

Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines Type—"A figure, form, or likeness of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or shadowe of any thing." The word is used in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. as here:

"Thy father bears the type of king Naples." MALONE.

⁴ Canst thou demise—] The common meaning of the verb to demise is to grant, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another.

STEEVENS.

The constant language of leases is, "—demised, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is used by no poet but Shakspeare. For demise, the reading of the quarto, and first folio, the editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted devise. MALONE.

Thou

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposedst, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen; Who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret⁶
Did to thy father, sleep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,

⁵ *I, even I: What think you of it, madam?*] So the quarto. I am not sure whether it should not be printed, *Ay, even I.* The folio reads:

Even so: how think you of it? MALONE.

⁶ — *as some time Margaret*—] Here is another reference to the plays of *K. Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her*?

2 Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee⁷,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil⁸.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little less in love,

Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children, but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood⁹;

Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her¹, for whom you bid like sorrow².

Your children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,

And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.

* *Say, that I did, &c.*] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years* in p. *126, are found only in the folio. MALONE.

⁷ *Nay then, indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,*] The sense seems to require that we should read:

— but love thee.

ironically. TYRWHITT.

⁸ — bloody spoil.] Spoil is waste, havock. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Even of your mettle, of your very blood:*] The folio has—*mettles*. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other passages. So, in *Macbeth*:

“Thy undaunted *mettle* should compose

“Nothing but males.

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“—that bed, that womb,

“That *mettle*, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,

“Made him a man.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—Common mother, thou,

“Who a womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

“Teems and feeds all, whole self same *mettle*

“Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,

“Engenders the black toad.” &c. MALONE.

¹ *Endur'd of her,*] *Of* in the language of Shakespeare's age was frequently used for *by*. MALONE.

² — bid like sorrow.] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide*. JOHNSON.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
 Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity:
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see:
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan, with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail³ my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
 Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

³ *Advantaging their loan, with interest*

Of ten times double gain of happiness.] The folio has—*love*, instead of *lone*, the old spelling of *loan*. How often the letters u and n are confounded in these copies, has been shewn in various places. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who adds this paraphrase: "The tears that you have *lent* to your afflictions, shall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of *interest* with happiness twenty times as great as your sorrow has been." MALONE.

⁴ *To whom I will retail—]* i. e. recount. MALONE.

K. Rich.

- K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
 Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids⁵.
 K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
 Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
 K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
 Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last⁶?
 K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
 Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
 K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
 Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.
 K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low⁷.
 Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.
 K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
 Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
 K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale⁸.
 Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
 K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
 Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
 Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
 K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
 Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break⁹.
 K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—
 Q. Eliz.

⁵ — which the king's King forbids.] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law See Leviticus, xviii. 14. GREY.

⁶ But how long shall that title, ever, last?] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Universal Passion*:

"But say—my mistress and my friend,

"Which day next week the eternity shall end?" STEEVENS.

⁷ — am her subject low.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:—her subject love. STEEVENS.

⁸ Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.] So the quarto. The folio reads—

Then plainly to her tell my loving tale. MALONE.

⁹ K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, &c.] In the quarto, 1598, the first of these two lines is wanting. The passage stands thus:

Q. O, no, my reasons, &c.

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

King. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

Now by my george, &c.

The printer of the next quarto saw that the line—"Harp on it still shall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the queen's former speech, but did not insert the omitted line.

The editor of the folio supplied the line that was wanting, but absurdly misplaced it, and exhibited the passage thus:

Q. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

King.

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour¹;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him¹,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain².

King. Harp not on that string, madam, that is past.

Now by my george, &c.

The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio.

In the quarto, 1597, this passage appears as it is given in the text.

^{MALONE.}
¹ The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;] So the quarto.
The folio reads:

Thy george, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;

Thy garter, &c. MALONE.

² God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him, &c.] I have here followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding speech, *Why then, by God,—* The editors of the folio, from the apprehension of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. printed "*Why then by heaven,*"—and the whole they absurdly exhibited thus:

Rich. Why then, by heaven.

Q. Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with him,

The unity, &c.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, &c.

By their alteration in the first line of the queen's speech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding speech, not having that consequence, I have adopted it. MALONE.

² —the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.] The quarto by an error of the press, has—*my brother*, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

The unity the king, my husband, made,

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died. MALONE.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust³,
Thy broken faith had made a prey for worms⁴.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come⁵.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd.
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age⁵;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt⁶
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours⁷!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)

³ Which now, two tender bed-fellows, &c.] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

Which now, too tender, &c. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio The quarto—two tender *play* fellows. MALONE.

⁴ — a prey for worms.] So the quarto. Folio—the prey. MALONE.

⁵ By the time to come.] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio.

MALONE.

⁵ — to wail it in their age:] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto 1602, &c. and the folio, read—with their age. MALONE.

⁶ — in my dangerous attempt—] So the quarto. Folio—dangerous affairs. MALONE.

⁷ Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!] This line is found only in the folio. MALONE.

Be the attorney of my love to her :
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve ;
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs *.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
 Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed⁹
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kifs, and so farewell.

[*kissing her.* Exit *Q. ELIZABETH.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman !
 How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow hearted friends,
 Unarm'd and unresolv'd to beat them back :
 'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
 Norfolk⁹ ;—
 Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

* *And be not peevish found—*] Thus the folio. *Peevish* in our author's time signified *foolish*. So in the second scene of this act :

“ When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy,—”

See also Minshew's *Dict.* in v. The quarto reads—*peevish fond*, and I am not sure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended ; *peevish fond*. So *childish-foolish*, *senseless-obstinate*, *foolish-witty*, &c. MALONE.

⁸ — *in that nest of spicery, they shall breed*] Alluding to the phoenix. STEEVENS.

So the quarto. The folio reads—they *will* breed. MALONE.

⁹ *Some light-foot friend post to the duke—*] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

Cate.

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither¹: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,

[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I
go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with
you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hear-
ing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate², what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unfway'd?

¹ *Ratcliff, come hither.*] The folio has—*Catesby, come hither.* The words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addressed to Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

² *White liver'd runagate.*] This epithet, descriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakespeare. Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, speaking of the Helots, says:

“Leave those precepts to the *white-liver'd* Hylotes.”

STEEVENS.

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we³?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege⁴; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the
north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir⁵.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave
behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[Exit STANLEY.]

³ *What heir of York is there alive, but we?* Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward earl of Warwick, the only son of the Usurper's elder brother, George duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV, and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them. MALONE.

⁴ *No, mighty liege;* So the quarto. Folio: No, my good lord.

⁵ *I will not trust you, sir.* So the quarto. Folio: But I'll not trust thee. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2. *Mef.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors⁶
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3. *Mef.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?

[He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3. *Mef.* The news I have to tell your majesty*,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3. *Mef.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4. *Mef.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answered him, they came from Buckingham.

⁶ — more competitors.] More associates. MALONE.

* The news I have, &c.] So the folio. The quarto reads:
Your grace mistaken; the news I bring is good;
My news is, &c. MALONE.

Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne ?

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news ; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford ⁷,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told ⁹.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ; while we reason
here ¹,
A royal battle might be won and lost :—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ — *and made his course again for Bretagne.*] Henry Tudor earl of Richmond, the eldest son of Edmund of Hadham earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the first duke of Somerset, who was grandson to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, was carried by his uncle Jasper earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewksbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable custody by the duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his escape and fled for protection to the French court. Being considered at that time as nearest in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancastrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him ; and after Richard usurped the throne, they with more confidence supported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry duke of Buckingham was in some respects inferior to that of Richmond ; for he was descended by his mother from Edmund the second duke of Somerset, the younger brother of duke John ; by his father from Thomas duke of Gloster, the younger brother of John of Gaunt : but whatever priority the earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had no Lancastrian blood whatsoever : nor was his maternal title of the purest kind, for John the first earl of Somerset was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt. MALONE.

⁸ — *landed at Milford.*] The earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, August 1st, 1485, and landed at Milford haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welch would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Catharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

MALONE.

⁹ — *they must be told*] This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it must be told.* MALONE.

¹ — *while we reason here,*] i. e. while we talk here. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*A Room in Lord Stanley's House.**Enter STANLEY, and Sir Christopher URSWICK.*

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me² :
 That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
 My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold ;
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
 The fear of that withholds my present aid *.
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned foldier ;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;
 Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
 And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
 And many other of great fame and worth :
 And towards London do they bend their course,
 If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; commend me to him ;
 Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewel.

[*Gives papers to sir Christopher.* *Exeunt.*

² *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—*] The person, who is called sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Urwick, a bachelor in divinity, and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. THOMAS MALONE.
 Formerly the title of *Sir* was frequently given to clergymen.

* — *my present aid.*] Thus the quarto. After these words three lines are added in the folio, in substance the same as the first three lines of Stanley's concluding speech. Instead of the concluding speech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus :

Well, hie to thy lord ; I kiss his hand ;
 My letter will resolve him of my mind.
 Fa.well. MALONE.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?³

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey, Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice; If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction!— This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doom's day.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children or his wife's allies: This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted; This, this All-Soul's day to my fearful soul, Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs⁴. That high All-seer which I dally'd with, Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,

³ *Will not king Richard let me speak with him?* The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the King, is explained in *K. Henry VIII. Act I.*

"I would have play'd

"The part my father meant to act upon

"The usurper Richard; who being at Salisbury,

"Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,

"As he made semblance of his duty, would

"Have put his knife into him." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.* Hammer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respite. *Wrongs* in this line means *wrong done; injurious practices.*

JOHNSON.

And

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck, —
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess. —*
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,
 Sir James BLUNT⁷, Sir Walter HERBERT, and Others,
 with forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood * like wash, and makes his trough
 In

⁵ — *blame the due of blame.*] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act; so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Oxford.* —] John de Vere earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle in Picardy, escaped from thence in 1484, and joined the earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Bosworth. MALONE.

⁷ — *Sir James Blunt.* —] He had been captain of the Castle of Hames, and assisted the earl of Oxford in his escape. MALONE.

* *That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood, &c.*] This sudden change from the past time to the present, and *vice versa*, is common in Shakspeare. So, in the

In your embowell'd bosoms⁸,—this foul swine
Lies now⁹ even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords¹,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Bosworth Field.

*Enter King RICHARD, and forces; the Duke of NORFOLK,
Earl of SURREY, and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth
field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we
not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

the argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*: "The same night he
treacherously *stealeth* into her chamber, violently *ravished* her," &c.

MALONE.

⁸ — *embowell'd bosoms*,—] Exenterated; ripped up. JOHNSON.

⁹ Lies *now*—] i. e. sojourns. For *lies*, the reading of the quarto;
the editors of the folio, probably not understanding the term, substituted

—*Is*. MALONE.

¹ — *conscience is a thousand swords*,] Alluding to the old adage,
"Conscientia mille testes." BLACKSTONE.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—a thousand men. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Up with my tent : Here will I lie to-night ;

[Soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.]

But where to-morrow ?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account².

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.—

Up with the tent—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—

Call for some men of sound direction³ :—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir William BRANDON, OXFORD, and other lords⁴. Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND's Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden fet,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you should bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper⁵ in my tent ;

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

² — *our battalia trebles that account* :] Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand ; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise. MALONE.

³ — *sound direction* :] True judgment ; tried military skill.

JOHNSON.

⁴ — *Oxford, and other lords*—] The direction in the folio, is—“ Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and Dorset.” In the quarto only, “ Enter Richmond, with the *lordes*. This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakspeare ; for Shakspeare had been informed by Holinshed that *Dorset* was not at the battle of Bosworth ; Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a sum of money from the French king, Charles the Eighth, and having left the marquis of Dorset and Sir John Bouchier as hostages for the payment.

MALONE.

⁵ *Give me some ink and paper*—] Thus the folio. In the quarto, this and the three following lines are introduced lower down immediately before the words—“ Come, gentlemen, let us consult,” &c.

MALONE.

My

My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :—
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning,
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
In to my tent, the air is raw⁶ and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF,
and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock ?

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was ?—
And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit]

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms.

⁶ — the air is raw—] So the quarto. Folio—the dew. MALONE.
⁷ It's nine o'clock.] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is six of the
clock ; full supper time. MALONE.

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch⁸:—

[To Catesby.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow⁷.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy⁸.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumber-
land⁹?

VOL. X.

*H

Rat.

⁸ Give me a watch:] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he says:

Bid my guard watch —

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel.

JOHNSON.

The word *give* shews, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his Dictionary, 1679, *Watch-candle*. MALONE.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about the royal tent, without any request of the king concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours. I have seen these candles represented with great nicety in some of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barret, in his *Avearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632: "—slept always with a *watching* candle." Again, in *Albumazar*, 1614: "Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a species of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick set in the middle of a large cake of wax. JOHNSON.

⁷ Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—] So in Holinshed. p. 754: "—he was mounted on a great *white courser*," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁸ Look, that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence. Hall informs us, that at the jousts in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger sister of king Henry VII. with the king of France, "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the field all armed, and on his body brought in sight x speres, that is to wyt, ii speres set in every styroppe forward, and under every thigh ii spere, upwarde, and under his left arme was on spere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁹ — the melancholy lord Northumberland?] Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. "Henry the fourth

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time¹, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit²,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down*.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*K. RICHARD retires into his tent. Exeunt RATCLIFF,
and CATESBY.*

fourth earl of Northumberland," says Holinshed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richard putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], stood still with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counsaile." MALONE.

¹ *Much about cock-shut time,*] Ben Jonson uses the same expression in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yesternight,
"Kiss him in the cock-shut light."

Again, in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "Come away then: a fine cockshut evening." STEEVENS.

Cockshut time, i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonson*, Vol. V. p. 204, "*Cockshut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cockshut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of such a net, and the manner of using it, is delineated and described in *Distionarium Rusticum*, 2 vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1766, under the word *cockroads*, TOLLET.

In a metrical performance (quoted by Mr. Steevens) entitled *No whipping nor tripping, but a kind friendly snipping*, 1601, this net is mentioned:

"A silly honest creature may do well,
"To watch a cock-shute, or a limed bush."

That *cockshut time* meant twilight, is ascertained by Minshew's Dictionary, 1617. See the latter word. MALONE.

² *I have not that alacrity of spirit, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 775: "—not using the alacrity of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accustomed to doo before he came toward the battell" STEEVENS.

* *So, set it down.*] The word *So* in the old copies stands at the beginning of the first line of this speech, caught perhaps by the compositor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next speech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the second line, but the metre shews that it was placed there by the negligence of the compositor. MALONE.

Richmond's

Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney³, blest thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war⁴.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed⁵ in his father's fight.

³ — by attorney,—] By deputation. JOHNSON.

⁴ — mortal staring war.] Thus the old copies. I suppose, by *staring war* is meant—*war that looks big*. STEEVENS.

I suspect the poet wrote—*mortal scaring war*. MALONE.

⁵ *Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George*

Be executed—] So Holinshed after Hall: "When the said lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his familie, and to recreate and refreshe his spirits, as he openly said, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readinesse to join the earle of Richmonde at his first arrival in Englande,) the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before he had left as an hostage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the same town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, dislodging him and his,—to avoid all suspicion, being afraide least if he should be seen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his son-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and mistrust, would put to some evil death his son and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by king Edward IV. in 1482.

MALONE.

Farewell : The leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love⁶,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow⁷,
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c. with STANLEY.*

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still !

[*Sleep.*

*The Ghost⁸ of Prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth, rises
 between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[*to K. Richard.*

Think,

⁶ — *The leisure and the fearful time*

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem, *I would do this if leisure would permit*, where *leisure*, as in this passage, stands for *want of leisure*. So again :

— *More than I have said,—*

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight.”

MALONE.

To *peise*, i. e. to weigh down, from *peser*, Fr. I find the word in the old play of *The Reigns of K. Edward III.* 1546 :

“ And *peise* their deeds with heavy weight of lead.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *The Ghost, &c.*] Mr. Steevens has here quoted a passage from Nichols's

KING RICHARD III. *145

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[to K. Rich.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—

Virtuous

Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* inserted in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and another from the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, both descriptive of the visions supposed to have been seen by Richard the night before the battle of Bosworth. He adds the following observation:

"It is not unpleasant to trace the progress of a poetical idea. Some of our oldest historians had informed us that king Richard was much disturbed in his dreams. The author of a metrical legend, [Nichols] who follows next in succession, proceeds to tell us the quality of these ominous visions. A poet [Drayton] who takes up the story, goes further, and acquaints us with the names of those who are supposed to have appeared in them; and last of all comes the dramatic writer, who brings the phantoms, speaking in their particular characters, on the stage."

The annotations of my ingenious predecessor seldom require amendment or revision; but I am here obliged to remark, as I did on a former occasion, where the learned Bishop of Worcester had made a similar attempt to trace a thought from one poet to another, that this supposed progress of a poetical idea is in the present instance merely imaginary, as a few dates will at once demonstrate. Shakspere's *K. Richard III.* was printed in 1597. Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* first appeared in that edition of *The Mirrour for Magistrates* which was published in 1610, thirteen years after our author's play had appeared; and the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* was not published till twenty-five years after the tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been printed, that is, in 1622.

Our ancient historians have said more than that Richard was disturbed by dreams; they have mentioned the nature of them, and particularly of his dream on this night. The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Holinshed, is as follows. "The same went, that he had the same night [the night before the battle of Bosworth] a dreadful and terrible dream; for it seemed to him being asleep, that he saw diverse ymages like terrible devilles, which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or reste. The which straunge vision not so sodaynly strake his heart with a sodayne feare,

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [to Richm.
 Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish.

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[to K. Rich.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine;
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster, [to Richm.
 The wrong'd heirs of York do pray for thee;
 Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[to K. Rich.

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret! Despair and die!

Grey, Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[to K. Rich.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
 Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!— [to K. Rich.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom
 [to K. Richm.

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vision*, and *fearfull dreame*." I quote from Holinshed, because he was Shakspeare's authority.

Polydore Virgil, as I have already observed, began to write his history about twenty years after Richard's death. MALONE.

[*Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,*] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *King Henry the Sixth*. JOHNSON.

[*— with fulsome wine,*] *Fulsome*, was sometimes used, I think, in the sense of *unwholesome*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was Malmsey. MALONE.

The

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ; [to K. Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [to Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghost. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower ;
Let us be lead within thy bosom², Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Lady Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee³,
Now

² *Let us be lead within thy bosom,—*] So, says Mr. Theobald, the quarto, 1597. The subsequent copies all have *laid*, instead of *lead*.

There was an edition of this play lately printed in 1597, I have not the least doubt, (though none of the editors except Mr. Theobald have ever seen it,) because it was entered in the stat. oners' books in that year, and nearly at the same time with *K. Richard II.* by the same bookseller for whom an edition of that play was printed in 1597, which is still extant. It is, however, very remarkable, that Mr. Theobald should have profited in this single instance only, by that copy. Whenever it shall be discovered, it will, I am confident, if diligently collated, like every other *first* edition that I have seen, prove its superior value in other instances beside the present. MALONE.

³ *That never slept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakespeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated description of Richard, which Holinshed transcribed: "I have heard (says Sir Thomas) by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himself sure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger: his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike againe. He took ill rest a-nights; lay long waking and musing, for wearied with care and watch; rather slumbered than slept, troubled

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
 Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I†.
 Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
 Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
 Left I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
 Alack I love myself. Wherefore? for any good;
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by myself.
 I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair.—I here is no creature loves me;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;

Supplication to the Devil, 1592) “when any spirit appeareth, the lights
 by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and the
 takers are by degrees extinguished.” The takers are the spirits who
 blast or take. So, in *King Lear*:

“—— strike her young bones.

“Ye taking a rs, with lameness!” STEVENS.

* *It is now dead midnight*] So reads the quarto, 1597. The next
 quarto corruptly reads—“It is not dead midnight;” for which the edi-
 tor of the folio, to obtain some sense, substituted, “*Is it not dead*
midnight?” MALONE.

† — that is, I am I.] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the folio. The
 quarto, 1597, reads—I and I. I am not sure that it is not right.

MALONE.

† *Methought, the souls, &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety
 at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced.
 Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words:

Fool, do not flatter. JOHNSON.

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. RICHARD, and RATCLIFF.*]

Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD, and Others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

* *O, Ratcliff, &c*] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to say—"be not afraid of shadows," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already suggested. MALONE.

One that made means⁹ to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair¹, where he is falsely set;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy:
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt²
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
 God, and saint George! Richmond, and victory!³ [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter

⁹ *One that made means—*] To make means was, in Shakspeare's time, always used in an unfavourable sense, and signified—to come at any thing by indirect practices. STEEVENS.

¹ — by the foil

Of England's chair,] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set.

JOHNSON.

Nothing has been, or is still more common, than to put a bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-priced stone. The same allusion is common to many writers. So, in a Song published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"False stones by foiles have many one abus'd." STEEVENS.

England's chair means *England's throne*. *Set* is used equivocally.

MALONE.

² — *the ransom of my bold attempt—*] The fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corpse. JOHNSON.

³ *God, and saint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, printed in the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among his military laws, p. 84.

"Item, that all souldiers entering into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, saint George*, whereby the souldiour is much comforted, and the enemy dismayed by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious;

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length⁴,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

rious; and therefore he, who upon any sinister zeal, shall maliciously omit so fortunate a name, shall be severely punished for his obstinate erroneous heart, and perverse mind." T. WARTON.

⁴ *My foreward shall be drawn out all in length.*] So Holinshed: "King Richard having all things in a readiness went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to set his men in aray: first the foreward set forth a marvellous length, both of horsemen and also of footmen,—and to the foremost part of all the bowmen as a strong fortresse for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty sort of men."

The words *out all*, are, I find, in the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

In

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chieftest horse.
This, and saint George to boot⁵!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning. [giving a scrawl.

K. Rich. Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold⁶, [reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold⁷.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls⁸;

Conscience is but a word* that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

⁵ *This, and St George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron saint. JOHNSON.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above*. HAWKINS.

Mr. Hawkins is certainly right. So in *King Richard II.*

"Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive."

The old English phrase was, *Saint George to borrow*. So, in *A Dialogue*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyn, 1564: "Maister and maistres, come into this vallis,—untill this storme be past: *Saincte George to borrow*, mercifull God, who did ever see the like? Signat. K. 7. b.

MALONE.

⁶ —*be not too bold*,] The quarto 1598, and folio, read—*so bold*. But it was certainly an error of the press: for in both Hall and Holingshed, the words are given as in the text. MALONE.

⁷ —*Dickon thy master*, &c.] *Diccon* is the ancient abbreviation of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Beldam. In the words—*bought and sold*, I believe, there is somewhat proverbial. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Martimeriades*, a poem by Michael Drayton, no date:

"Is this the kindnes that thou offerest me?"

"And in thy country am I *bought and sold*?"

Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout*, 1568:

"How prelacy is *sold and bought*,

"And come up of nought."

Again, in Bacon's History of K. Henry VII: "—all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and sold* in France," &c.—The same expression occurs again in *King John*, Act V. and in *Troilus and Cressida*. It seems to have signified that some *foul play* has been used. The *foul play* alluded to here, was Stanley's desertion. MALONE.

⁸ *Let not our babbling dreams*, &c.] I suspect these six lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakspeare was really guilty of them in his first draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he substituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

* *Conscience is but a word*—] So the quarto 1598. But being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio supplied the omission by reading—*For conscience is a word*, &c. MALONE.

March

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds⁹, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Britons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one¹, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost²?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt

⁹ *A sort of vagabonds,*] *A sort*, that is, a company, a collection

JOHNSON.

The word *sort* is used in the same sense in the concluding words of n. 4. in the preceding page. MALONE.

¹ *They would restrain the one,*] i. e. they would lay restrictions on the possession of your lands; impose conditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *restrain* substituted *distrain*, which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. "To *distrain*," says he, "is to *seize upon*;" but to *distrain* is not to *seize* generally, but to *seize* goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpose of enforcing the process of courts. The *restrictions* likely to be imposed by a conquering enemy on lands, are imposts, contributions, &c. or absolute confiscation—"And if he [Henry earl of Richmond] should achieve his false intent and purpose," (says Richard in his circular letter sent to the Sheriffs of the several counties in England on this occasion, *Paston Letters*, B. 3: 1,) "every man's life, livelihood, and goods, shall be in his hands, liberty, and disposition." MALONE.

² *Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost.*] Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the duke of Britaine, and supported there by Charles duke of Burgundy, who was brother-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald justly observed that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakspeare, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was led into this error by Holinshed, where he found the following passage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient historians, invented, and exhibited as having been spoken by the king to his soldiers before the battle of Bosworth:

"You see further how a companie of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feace and enterprize.—And to begin with the erle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milk-sop,—brought up by my mother's cost and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine." p. 759.

"Holinshed," Dr. Farmer adds, "copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *mother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare."

If, says a Remarker, it ought to be so in Shakspeare, why stop at this correction, and why not in *K. Henry V.* print *præcarissimus* instead of *præclarissimus*? And indeed if *brother* is to be substituted for *mother* here,

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Britons; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen*!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

here, there can be no reason why all other similar errors should not be corrected in like manner. But the Remarker misunderstood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and as *Shakespeare ought to have written*. Dr. Farmer did not say—"as it ought to be printed in Shakspeare."

In all the other places where Shakspeare has been led into errors by mistakes of the press, or by false transcriptions, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the business of an editor to re-write his author's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. sc. i. we have—"Let the old ruffian know, I have many other ways to die;" though we know the sense of the passage in Plutarch there copied is,—that "*he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Caesar*, Antony is still permitted to say, that Cæsar had left the Roman people his harbours and orchards "*on this side Tyber*," though it ought to be—"on *that* side Tyber." both which mistakes Shakspeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old translation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *K. Henry V. præclarissimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakspeare, instead of *præclarissimus*; and in the same play I have followed our author in printing Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the person meant: an error into which he was led, in the present instance, by a mistake of the press.

For all such inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is responsible: and in the passage now under our consideration more particularly the text ought not to be disturbed, because it ascertains a point of some moment; namely that Holinshed, and not Hall, was the historian that Shakspeare followed. Of how much consequence this is, the reader may ascertain by turning to the *Dissertation on the plays of K. Henry VI.* where this circumstance, if I do not deceive myself, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to settle a long agitated question, and to shew that those plays were *re-written* by Shakspeare, and not his original composition. MALONE.

*—*fight bold yeomen!*] The old copies, by an apparent error of the press, have *boldly*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.

Bold is, I find, the reading of the original quarto of 1597. MALONE.

Spur

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves²!—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mes. My lord, he dorth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh³;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards⁴, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and forces; to him
CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger⁵; His

² *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!* That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. JOHN-ON.

So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"Now by the marble face of the welkin"

The same idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's *Palgrave*, 1615:

"Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven. STEEVENS.

³ — *the enemy is pass'd the marsh;*] There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use. MALONE.

⁴ *Advance our standards.*] So Holinshed after Hall: "—like valliant champions advance forth your standardes, and assay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of sword; avaunce, I say again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us set forward." MALONE.

⁵ *Daring an opposite to every danger;*] Perhaps the poet wrote:
Daring and opposite to every danger. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighth book of Homer's *Odyssey* may countenance the old reading:

"— a most dreadful fight

"*Daring against him.*" STEEVENS.

The old reading is perhaps right. *An opposite* is frequently used by Shakespeare and the contemporary writers, for *an adversary*. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "— your *opposite* hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal." Again: "— and his *opposite*

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse⁶!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the dye :

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him⁷ :—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse⁸! [*Exeunt.*
Alarums.]

He the youth, bears in his visage no presage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr. Constable*, a comedy by Middleton, 1602: "—to strengthen us against all opposites." Again, more appositely, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"Myself, myself, will dare all opposites."

The sense then should seem to be, that king Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adversary he meets with to every danger attending single combat.* MALONE.

⁶ *A horse! a horse! &c.*] In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the same manner:

"A horse, a horse, villain, a horse!

"That I may take the river strait, and fly!

"—Here is a horse, my lord,

"As swiftly pac'd as Pegasus."

This passage in Shakspeare appears to have been imitated by several of the old writers, if not stolen. So, Heywood, in the *Second Part of his Iron Age*, 1632:

"—a horse! a horse!

"Ten kingdoms, for a horse to enter Troy!" STEEVENS.

Marston seems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:

"A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!"

In his *What you will*, 1607, (as Mr. Reed has observed) he has quoted Shakspeare's line verbatim. MALONE.

⁷ *Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—*] Shakspeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the first Part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if possible, to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment. MALONE.

⁸ *A horse! a horse! &c.*] Some inquiry hath been made for the first performers of the capital characters of Shakspeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the original

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Intert their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,⁹
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division¹.—

O,

ginal Richard, from a passage in the poems of bishop Corbet, who introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle:

“But when he would have said king Richard died,

“And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cried.” FARMER.

9 — *a we have ta'en the sacrament,*] So in Holinshed, p. 745:
“The earle himselfe first tokke a corporall oth on his honor, promising that incontinent alter he shuld be possessed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth.” STEEVENS.

¹ *All this divided York and Lancaster,*

Divided, in their dire division.—] I think the passage will be somewhat improved by a slight alteration:

All that divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
 And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen! *Exeunt.*

Let them unite all that York and Lancaster divided. JOHNSON.

² This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play from its first exhibition to the present hour has been estimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many allusions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it passed through, I suspect it was more often represented and more admired than any of our author's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in some measure arose from the detestation in which Richard's character was justly held, which must have operated more strongly on those whose grand fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleased at seeing king Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the scene.

MALONE.

P. 3*. *The life and death of King Richard the Third.*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of *Ariosto*, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. T. WARTON.

It appears from the following passage in the preface to Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity college, Cambridge: "— or his fellow codhead, that in the Latine tragedy of *K. Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*"

STEVENS.

The play on this subject mentioned by sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and sometimes mistaken for Shakspeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our university, some years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Museum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Exmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childish

A childish imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. FARMER.

The Latin play of Richard III. (Mss. Harl. n. 6926) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586. TYRWHITT.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, so essentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at sight of his inhuman massacres." And in the bookes of the Stationers' Company, June 19, 1564, Thomas Creede made the following entry. "An enterlude, incitiled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is shown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakspere, unless he afterwards dismissed the death of Jane Shore, as an unnecessary incident, when he revised the play. Perhaps, however, it might be some translation of Lacey's play, at the end of the first act of which is, "The shewe of the procession. 1. Tipstaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticoate, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queristers. 5. Singingmen. 6. Prebendary. 7. Bishoppe of London. 8. Citizens." There is likewise a Latin song sung on this occasion in MS. Harl. 2412. STRYV.

The English *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be presumed, had been exhibited some years before, was probably written by the author of *The Contention of the two houses of Yorke and Lancaster*. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I. p. *68.

THUS like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakspere, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the Mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the matter, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the form, a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes*: by which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intituled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Eustaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprising absurdity of these strange representations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest Chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un fire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel étoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût été secourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire

parfaire le Personnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Caré de St. Victour parfit la Resurreccion, et fit très hautement son personnage; & dura le dit Jeu—Et autre Prêtre qui s'appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et estoit la bouche d'enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les diables y vouloient entrer et isser; & avoit deux gros culs d'acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harfnet, in his *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, p. 71. says, "The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and fowl bottle-nose." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, "The *Guary Miracle*, in English a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakspeare (who has frequent allusions to these things), in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for a *little vinegar* (as a property) to make the devil roar*. For after the sponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old faices, was always afterwards in use to torment the devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*; as in that, for instance, of—*Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheered his hogs*. For the sheep-shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*, as we learn from these words of saint Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum*. Civ. D. l. iv.

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England *sub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and profaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old Testament stories inclined the

* This is not in Shakspeare's play, but in the old play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

people to Judaism; that the New Testament stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgoigne*, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongst them: as appears from the excellent critique of the *cajon*, in the fourth book, where he shows how the old extravagant romances might be made the foundation of a regular *epick* (which, he says, [B. IV. c. 20.] *tambien puede escribirse en prosa como en verso*;) as the *mystery-plays* might be improved into artificial comedy. His words are [ib. 21.] *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apariscas, y malentendidas, atribuyendo a un santo los milagros de otro; which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into las comedias humanas as he calls them. To return:*

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from religious to moral farces. And in this we soon followed them: the public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, though the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obsiné*. The persons of the drama are *l'Homme Obsiné*—*Punition Divine*—*Simonie*—*Hypocrisie*—and *Demerites Communes*. The *Homme Obsiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Punition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Punition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obsiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, though in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called, *Sottie*, in which there was a *Paysan* [the clown] under the name of *Sot-Commun*, [or Fool.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottie* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakspeare makes to them: as in that fine speech in the beginning of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage:

“ — merely thou art Death's Fool;
“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
“ And yet run'st toward him still.”

For, in these *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ So Portent-like I would o'er rule his state,
“ That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.” Act IV. sc. ii.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*.

WARBURTON.
TO

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Dissertation is subjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

—like the old *Vice*—] The allusion here * is to the *Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of al's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakspeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV:

"In a trice, like to the old *Vice*;

"Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,

"Cries, ah, bal to the Devil."

In the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle:

A vice of kings.

i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The *Iniquity* was often the *Vice* in our old moralities; and is introduced in Ben Jonson's play called *The Devil's an Ass*: and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. cxv:

"Being no virtuous person, but the *Vice*

"About the town,

"As old *Iniquity*, and in the fit

"Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit."

But a passage cited from this play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug ask the Devil "to lend him a *Vice*:"

"Satan. What *Vice*?

"What kind would thou have it of?

"Pug. Why, any *Fraud*,

"Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,

"Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

Thus the passage should be ordered:

"Pug. Why any: *Fraud*,

"Or *Covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,

"Or old *Iniquity*."

"Satan. I'll call him hither.

"Enter *Iniquity the Vice*."

"*Ini*. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a *Vice*?

"Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Scaple of News*, Act II:

"*Mirth*. How like you the *Vice* i' th' play?

"*Expectation*. Which is he?

"*Mirth*. Three or four; old *Covetousness*, the sordid *Penny-boy*, the *Money-bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.

"*Tattle*. But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away.

"Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I'd not give a rush for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body

"he meets.

"*Mirth*. That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came

"in, like hokos pokos, in a juggler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Albionist*, Act I. sc. iii:

"*Sub*. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *Vice*."

Some places of Shakspeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the first part of *K. Henry IV.* Act II. where Hall humourously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that*

* i. e. in p. 3 of Mr. Upton's book, where the words—like the old *Vice*—occur. MALONE.

father Ruffian, that Vanity in years, in allusion to this buffoon character. In *K. Richard III.* Act III.

*Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.*

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the passage,

*Thus, like the formal-wise antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.*

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the Devil; and he had several trite expressions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In *King Henry V.* Act iv. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, *Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now *Hamlet*, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman; when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghost unseen calls out *swear*; *Hamlet* speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?* *Hamlet* had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

— *The spirit that I have seen,
May be the devil.*

The manner of speech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, *τρυπανον*, *vetrazor*. Which word the Scholiast on Aristophanes' *Clouds*, ver. 447. explains, *τρύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πλάγμασιν, ὃν ἡ μέν; ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν.* Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: If I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized as *BIH* and *KAPTOΣ* in *Hesiod* and *Æschylus*; *Sin* and *Death* in *Milton*; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person, B. xi. 517:

“*And took his image whom they serv'd, a brutish Vice.*”
his image, i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as *vice-roy*, *vice-doges*, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other *vice-roys*, or prime ministers. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime minister; and 'tis this that makes him so sawey. UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of *vice* is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned criticks, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the ruffick puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*.

JOHN NISBET.

Persons Respected

KING HENRY VIII.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.

Garter, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and a Serjeant at arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.

Queen Catharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced:

Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy blay,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat ¹, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd : for gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is ², beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend ³,)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore,

¹ — or to see a fellow

In a long motley coat,] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD.

So, Nash, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1596: "—fooles, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall fooles) are suted in long coats." STEEVENS.

² — such a show

As fool and fight is,—] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle.

JOHNSON.

³ — the opinion that we bring,

(To make that only true we now intend,)] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus :

P R O L O G U E.

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we could make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

—th' opinion, that we bring

Or make; that only truth we now intend. JOHNSON.

To intend in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to pretend. So, in the preceding play—

“ Intend some deep suspicion. STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words and reading—

That only true to make we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue in which great stress is laid upon the truth of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425.] under the description of a “ a new play, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth. The extraordinary circumstances of *pomp and majesty*, with which, sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the cardinal Wolsey's house*, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, “ the burning of the Globe or playhouse, on the Bank side, on St. Peter's-day [1613,] which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play.” B. Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*: [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. *Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at the play of Henry VIIIth.

In a MS. letter of Thomas Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related. “ No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd &c. MS. Harl. 17002.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*. *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV. character*.—To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue,) could never have fallen from the modest Shakespeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play, in 1611. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done, Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer²
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory³, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung

¹ This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Catherine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Catherine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story;" but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

² — *a fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

³ *Those suns of glory*,] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—*Those sons of glory*; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. MALONE.

In their embracement, as they grew together ⁴;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now marry'd
To one above itself ⁵. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's ⁶ : To-day the French,
All clinquant ⁷, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise ⁸ : and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners

⁴ — as they grew together ;] That is, as if they grew together. We have the same image in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ ——— a sweet embrace ;

“ Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.” MALONE.

⁵ Till this time, pomp was single ; but now marry'd

To one above itself.] The author only meant to lay in a noisy phrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before*. Pomp is married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

⁶ — Each following day

Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet*. Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

⁷ All clinquant,] All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before king James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palgrave and princess Elizabeth :

“ — his buskins clinquant as his other attire. STEEVENS.

⁸ — him in eye,

Still him in praise :] So Dryden :

“ ——— Two chiefs

“ So match'd, as each seem'd worthiest when alone.” JOHNSON.

Durft

Durft wag his tongue in censure⁹. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit;
That Bevis was believ'd¹.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing²
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal³;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function⁴.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element⁵
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities⁶? I wonder,

That

⁹ *Durft wag his tongue in censure.*] *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. **WARBURTON.**

¹ *That Bevis was believ'd.*] The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. **THEOBALD.**

² — *the tract of every thing, &c.*] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. **JOHNSON.**

³ — *All was royal; &c.*] This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. **WARBURTON.**

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald. **MALONE.**

⁴ — *the office did*

Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. **JOHNSON.**

⁵ — *element*—] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. **JOHNSON.**

⁶ — *fierce vanities?*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier*,
B 2

That such a keech⁷ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown ; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web⁸, he gives us note⁹,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king¹.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him : Whence has he that ?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

fier, for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece* :

"Thy violent vanities can never last."

In *Timon of Athens* we have—

"O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!" MALONE.

⁷ *That such a keech* —] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places a *keech*.

JOHNSON.

"There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the second part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—*Goody Keesch* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Out of his self drawing web*, —] Thus it stands in the first edition. The later editors, by injudicious correction, have printed :

Out of his self drawn web. JOHNSON.

⁹ — he gives us note,] Old Copy—*O* gives us, &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens MALONE.

¹ *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.*] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read :

*A gift that heaven gives ; which buys for him
A place next to the king.* WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakespeare wrote—*gives to him*, which will save any great alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, buys a place, &c. STEEVENS.

Buck.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file ²
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out ³,
Must fetch him in he papers ⁴.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey ⁵. What did this vanity,

But

²—*the file*] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON

³—*council out*,] It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council*. "The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause express'd. why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole's biarde of the Counsaile*." MALONE.

⁴ *Must fetch him in he papers*,] *He papers*,—a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Federa*, tom. 13, &c. STEVENS.

⁵ *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*

For this great journey,] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. 1. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of king Henry VIII there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

"Pryde. I am unhappy, I se it well,—

"For the expence of myne apparell

"Towardys this vyage,

"What in hories and other aray,

"Hath compelled me for to lay

"All my land to mortgage." STEVENS.

So, in *King John*:

"Rash inconsiderate fry voluntaries,

"Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

"Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,

"To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

We meet with a similar expression in Marlowe's *King Edward II*.

1598:

"While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,

"He wears a lord's revenue on his back."

Again,

But minister communication of
A most poor issue⁶?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was⁷
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath slaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd⁸?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace⁹; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a manor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man that beare an hundred houses on my backe?" MALONE.

See also Doddsleys' *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. V. p. 26; Vol. XII. p. 395. REED.

6 — *What did this vanity—*

But minister? &c.] What effect had this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

7 *Every man,*

After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] From Holinshed: "Monday the xviii. of June was such an *hideous sterme* of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—Dr. Warburton has quoted a similar passage from *Hall*, whom he calls Shak'peare's author; but Holinshed, and not Hall, was his author; as is proved here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not found to combined in Hall's Chronicle. This fact is indeed proved by various circumstances. MALONE.

8 *The ambassador is silenc'd?*] The French ambassador residing in England, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*.

JOHNSON.

9 *A proper title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically.

JOHNSON.

Honour

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together : to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power : you know his nature,
 That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock ¹,
 That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY (the purse borne before him,) certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?
 Where's his examination ?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more and Buckingham
 Shall lessen his big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur ² is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out worths a noble's blood ³.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd ?
 Alk God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,
 Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks

¹ — comes that rock,] To make the rock come is not very just.

² — butcher's cur—] Wolfey is said to have been the son of a butcher
 [of Ipswich]. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham
 was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of
 England was worried to death by a butcher's dog." Skelton, whose satire
 is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same
 reflection on the meanness of cardinal Wolsey's birth :

"Fordredde of the boucher's dog,

"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEEVENS.

³ A beggar's book

Out-worths a noble blood] That is, the literary qualifications of a
 bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary
 greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into
 the mouth of one of the ancient, unletter'd, martial nobility. JOHNSON.
 Matter

Matter against me ; and his eye revild
 Me, as his abject object : at this instant
 He bores me with some trick ⁴ : He's gone to the king ;
 I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
 Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
 A full-hot horse ⁵, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you : be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
 And from a mouth of honour ⁶ quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
 There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot ⁷
 That it do singe yourself : We may out-run
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd :
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
 I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
 By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,

⁴ *He bores me with some trick :*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1602 :

“ One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you so, sir.”
 STEEVENS.

⁵ — *Anger is like*

A full hot horse, &c.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Till, like a jade, *self-will* himself doth tire.” MALONE.
 So, Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat* :

“ *Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,*

“ *'Twill quickly tire itself.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *from a mouth of honour*—] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinctions of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Heat not a furnace, &c.*] Might not Shakspeare allude to Dan. iii. 22 ? “ Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach, Mesbah, and Abednego.*” STEEVENS.

(Whom

(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions ⁸,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous ⁹,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another ¹, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master ²
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal *
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

⁸ — *sincere motions*,] Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name not*, should be *blame not*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *for he is equal ravenous*,] *Equal* for *equally*. Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. MALONE.

¹ — *his mind and place*

Infecting one another,—] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the place of first minister as adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

² — *suggests the king our master*—] *suggests*, for *excites*.

WARBURTON:

* — *our count-cardinal*—] Wolsey is afterwards called *king-cardinal*. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court-cardinal*.

MALONE.

Peep'd harms that menac'd him : He privily³
 Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was asked ;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus detir'd ;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour, as he pleases*,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't⁴.

Buck. No, not a syllable ;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant at arms before him, and two or
 three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir.

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry⁵
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present : 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
 You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
 To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,

3 — he *privily*—] *He*, which is not in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

* — thus the cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour, as he pleases,] This was a proverbial expression. MALONE.

4 — he *were*

Something mistaken in't.] That is, that he were something different from what he is taken or supposed by you to be. MALONE.

5 I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

The business present :] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

Which

Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The king
[to Aber.

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court ⁶,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor ⁷,

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ⁸?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already ⁹:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;

⁶ *John de la Court.*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Csr*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

⁷ One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.] Old copy—*counsellor*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I believe the author wrote—*And Gilbert, &c.*
MALONE.

Our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

*At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.* THEOBALD.

Holinshed calls this person, "Gilbert Perke priest, the duke's chancellor." STEEVENS.

⁸ — Nicholas Hopkins ?] The old copy has *Michael* Hopkins. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the chronicle: "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton." In the Ms. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* MALONE.

⁹ — my life is spann'd already ?] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose* in the hand; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning therefore, may either be, that *bold* is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined. JOHNSON.

Whose

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun'.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

¹ *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.*] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.
But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,*
whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place,
By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

"O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

"— now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

"— being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow"

Such another thought appears in *The famous Hist. of Tho. Stukely*, 1605:

"He is the substance of my shadowed love."

We might, however, read—*puts on*; i. e. look gloomily upon. So in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. i.

"— then,
We *put* upon the morning, are unapt
To give, or to forgive"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iii.

"Thou *put'st* upon thy fortune and thy love." STEEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1581, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envions of such happy successe—turned her wheele, and darkened their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery."

Mr. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham when in fact they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner. MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it ²,
Thanks you for the great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy ³, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the king's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Cath. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us :—Half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is giv'n ;
Repeat your will, and take it.

the shadow of poor Buckingham : and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun ; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

² — *and the best heart of it.*] Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON

³ — *stood i' the level*

Of a full-charg'd confederacy.] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.
So in our author's 117th Sonnet:

"Bring me within the *level* of your frown,

"But shoot not at me," &c. MALONE.

Q. Cath.

Q. Cath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Cath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions⁴, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing⁵, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them⁶.

⁴ — as putter-on

Of these exactions,] The instigator of these exactions; the person who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and incited him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — The powers above

“ Put on their instruments.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause.” MALONE.

⁵ *The many to them 'longing,*—] The many is the many, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

“ The king before their many rode. JOHNSON.

I believe the many is only the multitude. Thus *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:

“ —the mutable rank-scented many.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *And Danger serves among them.*] Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARB

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified Danger. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantis*; the third in his *Bouge of Court*:

“ With that, anon out start *danger*.”

and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS.

King.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file?
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Cath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame⁸
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it! In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Cath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will⁹. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for

7 — front but in that file—] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stepped in the same line with them, MASON.

⁸ You know no more than others: &c.] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. MASON.

⁹ That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will] The meaning, I think, is, Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

There

There is no primer business¹.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
'The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint²
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³ malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones⁴, is
Not ours, or not allow'd⁵; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality⁶, is cry'd up

¹ —*There is no primer business.*] In the old edition:

There is no primer baseness.

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. *WARR.*
Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read:

—no primer business:

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is no mischief more ripe or ready for redress. So, in *Othello*:

“Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkeys. *STEEVENS.*

² *We must not stint*—] *To stint* is to stop, to retard. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. *STEEVENS.*

³ *To cope*—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. *JOHNSON.*

⁴ —once weak ones,] *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers. So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton:

“This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—“I pray thee *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.” Again in *Leicester's Commonwealth*: “—if God should take from us her most excellent majesty, (as *once* he will,) and so leave us destitute.” *STEEVENS.*

⁵ —or not allow'd;] Not approved. *MALONE.*

⁶ —what worst, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality,—] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. *JOHNSON.*

For

For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark⁷, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement⁸
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Cath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd⁹, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,

⁷ — lop, bark, —] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches.

WARBURTON.

⁸ *That, through our intercession, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 892: "The cardinal, to deliver himself from the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abroad, that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things." STEEVENS.

⁹ *The gentleman is learn'd, &c.*] It appears from "The Prologue of the translation," that the *Knyght of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. Copland, the printer, adds, "this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne*, of whom linially is descended my said lord." The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date. STEEVENS.

That

That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself¹. Yet see,
 When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well dispos'd², the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell³. Sit by us; you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
 The fore recited practices; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
 Most like a careful subject, have collected
 Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, That if the king
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it* so
 To make the scepter his: These very words
 I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point⁴.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Cath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

¹ — out of himself.—] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNS.

² — noble benefits—

Not well dispos'd,—] Great gifts of nature and education, not
 joined with good dispositions. JOHNSON.

³ — is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell.] So, in *Othello*:

“ — Her name, that was as fresh

“ As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

“ As mine own face.” STEEVENS.

* — he'd carry it—] Old Copy—*he'l.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
 MALONE.

⁴ *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of
 this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

King. Speak on :

How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins ⁵.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose *, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,*
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal ⁶
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive

⁵ — *Nicholas Hopkins.*—] The old copy has here and in the next line—*Nicholas Henton*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The mistake was perhaps Shakspeare's own, and he might have been led into it by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 11, n 8.) not to the monastery, but to the monk. MALONE.

* — *at the Rose, &c.*] This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Taylors' company, and is now the Merchant Taylors' school in Suffolk lane.

WHALLEY.

⁶ — *under the confession's seal*—] The old copy reads—the *commis-*
son's seal. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, and supports it by the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of confession, to keep secret such matter." *Holinshed*, p. 863. MALONE.

T.

*To gain the love of the commonalty⁷; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Cath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous for
him *

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank⁸? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant⁹,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

⁷ *To gain the love of the commonalty;*] For the insertion of the word *gain*, I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty of England"

Since I wrote the above, I find this correction had been made by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

* —for him—] Old Copy—for *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ —so rank?—] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

⁹ —Being my sworn servant, &c.] Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEVENS.

Surv.

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
 And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee; What
 say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
 He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
 Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
 His father, by as much as a performance
 Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
 To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
 Call him to present trial; if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
 Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
 He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain¹, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries²?

¹ — Lord Chamberlain,] Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolfey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. MALONE.

² *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle Men into such strange mysteries?*] *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *minnors* of those times exhibited in odd and frantic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishman were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, unto such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *minnors* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

Sands.

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face³; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw them⁴ pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them⁵.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too⁶,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
monseieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

³ *A fit or two o' the face;—*] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother* :

“—learnt new tongues—

“To vary his face as seamen to their compass.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *That never saw them—*] Old Copy—*see 'em*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *A springhalt reign'd among them.*] The *springhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. So, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610: “—by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams.” Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* :

“Poor soul, she has had a *springhalt*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, without any necessity, I think, for *A springhalt*, read—*And springhalt*. MALONE.

⁶ *—cut too,*] Old Copy—*cut to't*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

MALONE.
Lovel.

Low. They must either
 (For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
 Offool, and feather ⁷, that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights, and fire-works;
 Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
 Short blister'd breeches ⁸, and those types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men;
 Or pack to their old play fellows: there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away ⁹
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
 Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities!

Low. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're going;
 (For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
 Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lords Sands;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;

⁷ — leave those remnants

Of fool and feather,] This does not allude to the feathers anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentle men carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by wearing *plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their head." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in virtue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind, &c." Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — blister'd breeches,] Thus the old copy, i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like blisters. The modern editors read—*bolster'd* breeches, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ — wear away—] Old copy—*wec* away. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Nor

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas
Whither were you going ?

Low. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Low. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays¹ ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Palace.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer
table for the guests. Enter at one door, Anne Bullen, and
divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests ; at ano-
ther door, enter Sir Henry GUILFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy², has brought with her

One

¹ *My barge stays* ;—] The speaker is now in the king's palace at
Bridewell, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Car-
dinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall. MALONE.

² — *noble bevy*—] Milton has copied this word :
“ A bevy of fair dames.” JOHNSON.

Spenser

One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company³, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir Thomas
LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet⁴ ere they rested,
I think, would better please them : By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would, I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :—

Spenser had before Shakspeare employed this word in the same manner :

“ And whither runs this *bevy* of ladies bright ? ”

Shepherd's Calender. April.

Again, in his *Faery Queene* :

“ And in the midst thereof upon the flow're,

“ A lovely *bevy* of fair ladies fate.”

The word *bevy* was originally applied to larks. See the Glossary to the *Shepherd's Calender*. MALONE.

³ *As first-good company*,—] In the old copy there is a comma after the word *first*, for which Mr Theobald substituted a hyphen. MALONE.

⁴ — *a running banquet*—] seems to have meant a *hasty* banquet.—

“ Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habington in his *History of K. Edward IV.*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them.” The *hasty banquet*, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation. MALONE.

It should seem from the following lines in the prologue to a comedy called *The Walks of Islington*, 1657, that some double meaning was couched under the phrase, *a running banquet* :

“ The gate unto his walks, through which you may

“ Behold a pretty prospect of the play ;

“ A play of walks, or you may please to rank it

“ *With that which ladies love, a running banquet.* ” MALONE.

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C

My

My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*sits himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes his
state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health.

[*drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play⁵.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged*⁶.

Wol.

⁵ — if I make my play.] i. e. if I make my party. STEEVENS.

⁶ — chambers discharged.] A chamber is a gun which stands erect on
its breech. Such are used only on occasion of rejoicing, and are so con-
trived

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice ?

And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they have left their barge⁷, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue ;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers⁸,
habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers ; ushered by
the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal,
and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame

Of

trived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere chambers to lodge powder ; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles.—Some of them are still fired in the park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows :—"cannons, demi-cannons, chambers, arquebuse, musquet." Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636 :

"—I still think o' the Tower-ordnance,

"Or of the peal of chambers, that's still fir'd

"When my lord mayor takes his barge." STEEVENS.

⁷ They have left their barge.] See p. 32, n. 1. MALONE.

⁸ Enter the king, and twelve others, as maskers,] For an account of this masque see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921. STEEVENS.

Of this so noble and so fair assembly
 This night to meet here, they could do no less,
 Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
 But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
 Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
 An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,

They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay
 them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses
 Anne Bullen.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
 Till now I never knew thee.

[*Musick. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:

There should be one amongst them, by his person,
 More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
 If I but knew him, with my love and duty
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
 There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
 Find out, and he will take it⁹.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
 My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:

[*unmasking.*]

You

The account of this masquerade was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present.—Before the king, &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish,) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, “then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they worne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy.” *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22. edit. 1641.

MA LONE.

⁹—take it.] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

¹ You have found him, cardinal:] Holinshed says the cardinal mistook,

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
 I should judge now unhappily ².

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,

Pry'thee, come hither : What fair lady's that ?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,

And not to kiss you ³.—A health, gentlemen,

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber ?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated ⁴.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

took, and pitched upon Sir Edward Neville ; upon which the king only
 laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and Sir Edward's. *Edward's*
MSS. STEEVENS.

² — *unhappily.* That is, *unluckily, mischievously.* JOHNSON.

So, in *A merye Jest of a man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date :

" — " in such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unhappynesse* and
falsehede." STEEVENS.

³ *I were unmannerly, to take you out,*

And not to kiss you.] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a
 lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concern-*
ing the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, bl. l. no date.—
 " Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildred's
 church in the Pultrie, by John Alde "

" But some reply, what foole would daunce,

" I: that when daunce is doon,

" He may not have at ladyes lips

" That which in daunce he wooon ?" STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a little heated.*] The king on being discovered and desired by
 Wolsey to take his place, said that he would " first go and shift him :
 and, thereupon went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a
 great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with
 rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the
 banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and
 perfumed clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of es-
 tate, commanding every person to sit still as before ; and then came in
 a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they
 passed the night in banqueting and dancing until morning." *Cavendish's*
Life of Wolsey. MALONE.

King.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you :—let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it*.

[Exeunt with trumpets]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gen.* Whither away so fast ?

2. *Gen.* O,—God save you !

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1. *Gen.* I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gen.* Were you there ?

1. *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2. *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd ?

1. *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

2. *Gen.* Is he found guilty ?

1. *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2. *Gen.* I am sorry for't.

1. *Gen.* So are a number more.

2. *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it ?

1. *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar ; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *viva voce*, to his face :
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor ;

* *Let the musick knock it*] So, in *Antonio and Mellida*, P. I. 1602 :

" *Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

" *Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

" *Fla.* Pert Catzo, knock it th n." STEEVENS.

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Court,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies ?

1. *Gen.* The same,
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten ⁵.

2. *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1. *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely ⁶,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1. *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gen.* Certainly.

The cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2. *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally ; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2. *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
With him ten fathom deep ; this duke as much

⁵ *Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*] Either produced no effect,
or produced only ineffectual pity. MALONE.

⁶ — *he sweat extremely.*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed :—" After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar fore-chasing, and sweat marvelously." STEEVENS.

They

They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirrour of all courtesy ;—

1. *Gen.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him ; halberts on each side : with him, Sir Thomas LOVEL, Sir Nicholas VAUX, Sir William SANDS⁷, and common people.

2. *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice ;
But those, that fought it, I could wish more christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils⁸ on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me⁹,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

⁷ *Sir William Sands,*] The old copy reads—*Sir Walter*. STEEVENS.
The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May 1521,) only a baronet, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he had already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year ; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

⁸ *Nor build their evils—*] The word *evil* appears to have been sometimes used in our author's time in the sense of *forica*. MALONE.

⁹ — *You few that lov'd me, &c.*] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetic. JOHNSON.

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven *.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with : no black envy
Shall make my grave ¹.—Commend me to his grace ;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,

You met him half in heaven : my vows and prayers

Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me *,

Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years !

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !

And, when old time shall lead him to the end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;

Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,

* *And lift my soul to heaven.*] So, Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. IV.

" ————— their songs

" Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven." MALONE.

¹ — no black envy

Shall make my grave.—] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* Envy by our author is used for malice and hatred in other places, and, perhaps, in this. Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date :

" They drewe their swordes hastily,

" And smot together with great envy "

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it. STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads *mark my grave* ; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *K. Henry V.* ; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. MALONE

Dr. Warburton's emendation derives some support from the following passage in *The Comedy of Errors* :

" A vulgar comment will be made of it ;

" And th t supposed by the common rout

" Against your yet ungalled estimation,

" That may with foul intrusion enter in,

" And dwell upon your grave, when you are dead." MALONE.

* — *for sake me,*] The latter word was added by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

The

The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me,
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun² :
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it³ ;
And with that blood, will make them one day groan fort't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :

² — *poor Edward Bohun* :] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford: Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed. STEEV.

"This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *Hist. of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bobuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bobuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun*? In truth, the duke's name was *BAGOT*; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing MALONE.

³ — *I now seal it*; &c] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewel:

And when you would say something that is sad ⁴,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1. *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2. *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1. *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2. *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith ⁵ to conceal it.

1. *Gen.* Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

2. *Gen.* I am confident;
 You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Catharine?

1. *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it.

2. *Gen.* But that slander, sir,
 Is found a truth now: for it grows again
 Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
 That will undo her: To confirm this too,

⁴ And when you would say something that is sad, &c.] So, in *K*,
Richard II:

"Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,

"And send the hearers weeping to their beds. STEEVENS.

⁵ Strong faith—] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. *Gen.* I think, you have hit the mark : But is't not
cruel,
That he should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this ; [Exeunt.
Let's think in private more.

S C E N E II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young, and handsome ; and of the best breed in the
north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took
'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be served
before a subject, if not before the king : which stopp'd our
mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them ;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so ;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :

That

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list ⁶. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end ⁸,—
The French king's sister ⁹. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages ¹: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

⁶ — *list*.—] Old Copy—*list*—Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

MALONE.

⁸ — *see this main end*,] Thus the old copy. All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, *namely*, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read—*his*; but *ys* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the king, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here. See p. 31: "The cardinal is the *end* of this." MALONE.

⁹ *The French king's sister*,] i. e. the duchess of Alençon. STEEV.

¹ *From princes into pages*:] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants.

JOHNSON.

Into

Into what pitch he please².

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Norfolk opens a folding-door. The king is discovered sitting,
and reading pensively³.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

² *Into what pitch he please*] The mass must be fashioned into pitch or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans*: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" COLLINS

³ The stage-direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.* STEVENS.

This stage direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "The scene opens, and discovers the king," &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing scenes, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself. See *An Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

King.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate, in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your time of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,

Thou art a cure fit for a king—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker⁴.

[*To Wolsey.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

[*To Norf. and Suf.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick⁵ though, for his place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.

Suf. I another.

} *Aside.*

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

⁴ — have great care

[*I be not found a talker.*] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

⁵ — so sick —] That is, so sick as he is proud. JOHNSON.

The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices * ; Rome the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius ;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves ;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble : To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my favour
To him that does best ; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit WOLSEY.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour to you ;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*]

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

* *Have their free voices ;*] The construction is, have sent their free voices ; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. MALONE.

Wol.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still⁶: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd,

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolfey, see it furnish'd—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is* a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt⁷! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

⁶ *Kept him a foreign man still:*] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

* *—To leave is—*] The latter word was added by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁷ *To give her the avaunt!*—] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce⁸
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing*.

Old L. Alas! poor lady!
She's a stranger now again⁹.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,

⁸ *Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,—*] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus *Fairfax*:

“—*twang'd the string, out flew the quarrel long.* WARB.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

—*that quarreller, fortune,—*

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—but that your royalty

“Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

“For idleness, itself.”

Like Martial's—“*Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium*” We might, however, read—

Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce

It from the bearer,”—

i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspere:

“—I'll tell you, as we pass along,

“That you will wonder what hath *fortuned*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ii;

“It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine).” &c. STEEVENS.

* —‘tis a sufferance, panging

As soul and body's severing.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“The soul and body rive not more in parting,

“Than greatness going off.” MALONE.

⁹ —*stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an English woman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third act:

“—Catharine no more

“Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,

“And widow to prince Arthur.” TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one.

MALONE.

And

And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having¹.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril² conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good truth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear the load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little³;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England

¹ — our best having.] That is, our best possession. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of noble having and of royal hope.

In Spanish, *hazienda*. JOHNSON.

² —cheveril—] is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.
So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

"The cheveril conscience of corrupted law. STEEVENS.

³ — Pluck off a little;] The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a queen, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a dutchess, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

Pluck off a little,

says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young count in your way.

which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of. STEEV.
You'd

You'd venture an emballing : I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire *, although there long'd
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know
 The secret of your conference ?

Anne. My good lord,
 Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women : there is hope,
 All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen !

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
 Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
 Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
 Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

* *In faith, for little England*

You'd venture an emballing : I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire,—] *Little England* seems very properly
 opposed to *all the world* ; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here ?
 Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon ? or may not this
 be the allusion ? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in
 Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I's time, who
 speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some
 affinity to English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we
 are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales* ; and, as it is a very
 fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren
 county of *Carnarvon*. WHALLEY.

You'd venture an emballing :] You would venture to be distinguished
 by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

* This explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as
Anne Bullen was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty,
 nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously this distinction be-
 tween a queen-consort and a queen-regent. MASON.

Might we read—*You'd venture an emballing* ; i. e. being invested
 with the *ball* or robes of state ? The word occurs in the old tragedy of
King Edward III 1596 :

“ As with this armour I *impall* thy breast—”
 and, in *Macbeth*, the verb *to pall* is used in the scene of to *enrobe* :

“ And *pall* thee in the dunest smoke o' hell.” MALONE.

Might we not read—“ *an embalming*” ? A queen consort is anointed
 at her coronation, and in *K. Richard II.* the word is used in that sense :

“ With my own tears I wash away my balm.”

Dr. Johnson properly explains it *the oil of consecration*. WHALLEY.

Commends

Commends his good opinion of you *, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing ⁵: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd ⁶, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities? yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit ⁷,
The king hath of you—I have perus'd her well ⁸; [Aside.
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,

* Commends his good opinion of you,—] The words *to you* in the next line, must in construction be understood here.—The old copy, indeed, reads:

—Commends his good opinion of you *to you*, and but the metre shews that cannot be right. The words *to you* were probably accidentally omitted by the compositor in the second line, and being marked by the corrector as *out* to speak technically,) were inserted in the wrong place. The old error being again marked, the words that were wanting were properly inserted in the second line where they now stand, and the *new* error in the first was overlooked. In the printing-house this frequently happens. MALONE.

⁵ More than my all is nothing:] Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

⁶ — nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd,] The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here; this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obedience, I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. MALONE.

⁷ I shall not fail, &c.] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

⁸ — I have perus'd her well; &c.] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem, that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king James. THEOBALD.

That

That they have caught the king : and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle ? — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds : and you, (O, fate !)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune !) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no !
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt ² : — Have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke !
A thousand pounds a year ! for pure respect ;
No other obligation : By my life,
That promises more thousands : Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,

⁹ — a gem

To lighten all this isle ?] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinick light, and to shine in the dark : any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

" A precious ring that *lightens* all the hole." STEEVENS.

¹ — is it bitter ? forty pence, no.] Mr. Roderick, in his Appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read :

— for *two pence*.

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty-pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks, and nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. *Forty pence*, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *K. Richard II.* Act V. sc. v :

" The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear."

Again, in *All's well that Ends Well*, Act II. the clown says, *As fit as ten groats for the hand of an attorney*. Again, in Green's *Groundwork of Cony-catching* : " — wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling " Again, in *The longer thou Livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570 : " I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence*." Again, in the *Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude :

" Nay, that I will not for *fourty pence*." STEEVENS.

² For all the mud in Egypt :] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

I know, your back will bear a dutchefs ;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot ; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence : Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, fennet³, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of

3 — *fennet*,] Dr. Burney, (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick.

Senné or *fennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblée. Dict. de vieux Language :

" *Senne* assemblée a son de cloche." *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, said he, *fennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *feneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* :

" Cornets sound a *cynet*." FARMER.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *King Henry VI.* P. III. after the king and the duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction " *Senet. Here they [the lords] come down [from their seat].*" In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, *fennet on cornets*.

In Marlowe's *King Edward II.* we find Cornets sound a *signate*.

Senet or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1611. in v.

That *Senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *signate*, is ascertained by the following entry in the folio Ms. of Mr. Henslowe, who appears to have spelt entirely by the ear :

" Laid out at sundry times, of my own ready money, abowt the gaynyng of ower comysion, as followeth, 1597.

" Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Master of the Requeasts,

xii d.

" Item, Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40s." MALONE.

doctors ;

doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone ; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph ; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars⁴ ; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a confistory ; below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need ?
It hath already publickly been read,

4 — pillars ;] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the Commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his pillars. *More's Life of Sir T. More.* JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against cardinal Wolsey, has these lines :

" With worldly pompe incredible,
" Before him rydeth two prestes stronge ;
" And they bear two crosses right longe,
" Gapyng in every man's face :
" After them folowe two laye men secular,
" And each of theym holdyn a pillar,
" In their hondes steade of a mace." STEEVENS.

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the two silver pillars usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had " two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm." This is from Vol. III. p. 920 of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being a Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. " On the — day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinall removed out of his house called Yorke Place, with one crosse, saying, that he would be had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as legate, which degree-taking was his confusion."

Chron. Henry VIII. 104. b. MALONE.

And

And on all sides the authority allow'd ;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so :—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Catharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court*, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.*]

Q. Cath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice⁵ ;
And to bestow your pity on me : for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable :
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave notice⁶
He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years, and have been blest

* — goes about the court—] “ Because (says Cavendish,) she could not come to the king directly, for the distance severed between them ”

MALONE.

⁵ Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ; &c.) This speech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

⁶ — nay, gave notice—]. In propriety Catharine should have said—
nay, give not notice, and so Sir T. Hanmer reads ; but our author is so licentious in his construction that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

With many children by you : If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person⁷, in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
 I will implore : if not ; in the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Vol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you desire the court⁸ ; as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
 Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,

⁷ Against your sacred person.] In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*: Mr. Mason has justly observed that with such a punctuation the sense requires—*Towards* your sacred person. A comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, or aught against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention ; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*. MALONE.

⁸ That longer you desire the court ;] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court ; that you solicit a more distant session and trial.—To pray for a longer day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated. is yet the language of the bar. In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire*. MALONE.

It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

2 *Cath.* Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

2 *Cath.* Sir,
I am about to weep⁹ ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

2 *Cath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge¹ : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge² ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong ;
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,

⁹ *I am about to weep ; &c.*] Shakspeare has given almost a similar sentiment to *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion ;

“ I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

“ Commonly are, &c.—but I have

“ That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

“ Worse than tears drown ;” &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — and make my challenge,

You shall not be my judge :] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him*. JOHNSON.

² *I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul*

Refuse you for my judge :] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

Defector and *Recuso*. The former in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than *I protest* against. BLACKSTONE

The words are Holinshed's :—“ and therefore openly protested that she did utterly abhor, refuse, and forsake such a judge.” MALONE

Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
 The king is present : If it be known to him,
 That I gainsay³ my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood ? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me : and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

2. *Cath.* My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-
 mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling⁴, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility : but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted,
 Where powers are your retainers : and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will⁵, as't please

Yourself

³ — *gainsay*] i. e. deny. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid* :

" I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words." STEEVENS

⁴ *You sign your place and calling*, &c.] I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Where powers are your retainers ; and your words*,

Domesticks to you, serve your will,—] You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue : and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them — In humbler and more common terms ; *Having now got power, you do not regard your word*. JOHNSON.

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it. By *powers* are meant the emperor and the king of France in the pay of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly *retained*. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, Shakspeare, surely, does not mean to say that Wolsey was *retained* by them, but that they were *retainers*, or subservient, to Wolsey. MALONE.

I believe we should read :

"Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
 "Domesticks to you, &c."

The

Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high professional spirit : That again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the king, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it ; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Cath. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience !—pray you, pass on :
 I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more,
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that : 't'hou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,—
 Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out ⁶.)
 The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing

The queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images ; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599 :

" I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell ;

" I car'd not for the gentry, for I had

" Yong nobles of the land, &c." STEEVENS.

⁶ — could [speak thee out] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

Of

Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd ; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd⁷,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness ; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't ? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person ?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
But will you be more justify'd ? you ever
Have with'd the sleeping of this business ; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it :—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point⁸,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed
to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick⁹, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage¹, twixt the duke of Orleans and

7 — *although not there*

At once, and fully satisfied,] The sense, which is encumbered
with words, is no more than this. I must be *loosed*, though when *so*
loosed, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and at *once* ; that is, I shall not be
immediately satisfied. JOHNSON.

8 — *on my honour,*

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,] The *king*, having first
addressed to Wolsey, breaks off ; and declares upon his honour to the
whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in
question ; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that busi-
ness. THEOBALD.

9 *Scruple and prick,*—] Prick of conscience was the term in confes-
sion. JOHNSON.

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says : " The spe-
cial cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie
that pricked my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907. ST. EVENS.

1 A marriage,] Old Copy—*And marriage.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

Our

Our daughter Mary : I'the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience², enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea³ of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,

When

² — *This respite shook*

The bosom of my conscience,] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote, *The bottom of my conscience*.—

Shakspere, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to King Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus : "Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incessantly accombr'd, vexed, and disquieted." *Vid.* Life of Henry VIII. p. 907. THEOBALD.

³ — *hulling in*

The wild sea—] That is floating without guidance ; to's'd here and there. JOHNSON.

The

When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoken long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you ⁴,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Catharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world ⁵.

Cam. So please your highness,

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dimasted, and only her *hull* or *bulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. So, in the *Alarm for London*, 1602:

“And they lye *bulling up and down* the stream.” STEEVENS.

4 *I then mov'd you,*] “I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury first to have your licence, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and so I did all of you, my lords.” Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908. THOBALD.

5 *That's paragon'd o' the world.*] Hanmer reads, I think, better:
—*the primest creature*

That's paragon o' the world. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

No; but she is an earthly *paragon*.

To *paragon*, however, is a verb used by Shakspere both in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello*:

“If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again

“My man of men.

“—— a maid

“That *paragons* description and wild fame.” STEEVENS.

The

The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day :
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart*⁶.

[*Aside*.

King. I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved servant Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return ! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

*The Queen, and some of her Women, at work*¹.

Q. Cath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad
with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working.

⁶ *They rise to depart.*] Here the modern editors add : [*the king speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey, that he is return'd and install'd archbishop of Canterbury :

*My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return !*

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

RIDLEY.

¹ *at work.*] Her majesty (says Cavendish.) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, " rose up, having a *skirt of red silk about her neck*, being at work with her maidens " Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit ; and the queen's answer in p. 60, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce. MALONE.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Cath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence².

Q. Cath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Cath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous³:
But all hoods make not monks⁴.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Cath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you

² *Wait in the presence*] i. e. in the presence chamber. STEEVENS.

³ *They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:*] Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office; but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁴ *All hoods make not monks*] Cucullus non facit monachum. STEEV.

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Cath. Speak it here ;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner : 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions

Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them⁵,
I know my life so even : If your business
Seek me out⁶, and that way I am wise in⁷,
Out with it boldly ; Truth loves open dealing.

Vol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

Q. Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin⁸ ;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Vol. Noble lady.

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)⁹

So

⁵ *Envy and base opinion set against them.*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial e'ntroni'd with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.

JOHNSON.

Envy in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. So afterwards :

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*." MALONE.

⁶ *Seek me out.*] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read—*if your business seek me, speak out, and that way I am*

wise in. i. e. in the way that I can understand. TYRWHITT

Sr W. Blackstone would read—*it 'tis your business to seek me, &c.*

MALONE.

⁷ — *and that way I am wise in.*] That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's *wife* ; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskillfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wise in. JOHNSON.

⁸ *O, good my lord, no Latin ;*] So, Holinshed, p. 908 :

"Then began the cardinal to speake to her in latine. Naie, good my lord, (quoth she) speake to me in English." STEEVENS.

⁹ *And service to his majesty and you.*] This line stands so very awkwardly.

So deep fuspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes;
 Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
 You have too much, good lady: but to know
 How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,
 Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions,
 And comforts to your cauſe *.

Cam. Moſt honour'd madam,
 My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your grace;
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
 Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
 His ſervice, and his counſel.

Q. Cath. To betray me.

[*Aſide.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye ſpeak like honeſt men, (pray God, ye prove ſo!)
 But how to make ye ſuddenly an answer,
 In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs,
 For her ſake that I have been ¹, (for I feel
 'The laſt ſit of my greatneſs,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counſel, for my cauſe;
 Alas! I am a woman. friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with theſe fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Cath. In England,
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 'That any Engliſhman dare give me counſel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainſt his highneſs' pleaſure,

wardly, that I am inclined to think it out of its place. The author perhaps wrote, as Mr. Edwards has ſuggeſted:

“ I am ſorry my integrity ſhould breed

“ So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant,

“ And ſervice to his majeſty and you.” MALONE.

* — *to your cauſe.*] Old Copy—*our cauſe.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio MALONE.

¹ *For her ſake that I have been.*] For the ſake of that royalty which I have heretofore poſſeſſed. MALONE.

(Though

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest²),
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions³,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Cath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Cath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Cath. The more shame for ye⁴; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

² (*Though he be grown so desperate to be honest*.)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

³ — weigh out my afflictions.] This phrase is obscure. To weigh out, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To weigh is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to weigh out, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force: JOHNSON.

To weigh out is the same as to outweigh. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has overcome for come over. STEEVENS.

⁴ The more shame for ye.] If I mistake you, it is your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Catharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word cardinal.

Q. Cath.

Q. Cath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
 And all such false professors! Would ye have me
 (If you have any justice, any pity;
 If you be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
 Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
 Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
 His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Cath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
 A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory),
 Never yet branded with suspicion?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Cath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 'To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Cath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces⁶, but heaven knows your hearts.

What

5 — *superstitious to him* &c] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

6 *Ye have angels' faces*,—] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in the *Arraygment of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

“ Her people are ycleped *angeli*,

“ Or it I miss a letter, is the most.”

In this pastoral, as it is called, the queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lilly,
 That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.*
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
 With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,

golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerade*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a faint."—*England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustine* saith, there be people with *angel faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions." STEEVENS.

See also Nashe's *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: "For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and to let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels in their faces*, and *devils in their devices*." MALONE.

* *The hearts of princes kiss obedience,*

So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.] It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council table for *several hours*, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the Lord Keeper, he had said, "*There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.*" MALONE.

As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Cath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet: and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them⁷ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected⁸? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,

⁷ —And force them—] Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

⁸ —or at least

Strangely neglected?] Which of the peers has not gone by him contained or neglected? JOHNSON.

Uncontain'd, as I have observ'd in a note on As you like it, must be understood, as if the author had written not contain'd. MALONE. Out

Out of himself⁹?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings¹
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way². But in this point

⁹ — *when did he regard*

The stamp of nobleness in any person,

*Out of himself ?] When did he, however careful to carry his
own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another ?*

JOHNSON.

¹ — *contrary proceedings—*] Private practices opposite to his publick
procedure. JOHNSON.

² *And hedges, his own way.] To hedge, is to creep along by the
hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly
through circumvolutions.* JOHNSON.

All his tricks founde, and he brings his phyfick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction³!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd⁴.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps than buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom⁵: shortly, I believe,

His

³ *Trace the conjunction!*] To trace, is to follow. JOHNSON
So, in *Macbeth*:

“—all unfortunate souls

“That trace him in his line.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *In it be memoriz'd.*] To memorize is to make memorable. The
word has been already used in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁵ *He is return'd, in his opinions; which,*

Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,

Together

His second marriage shall be publish'd; and
Her coronation: Catharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king.

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind: a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[Exit CROMWELL.]

It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

Together with all famous colleges.

Almost in Christendom:] Thus the old play. The meaning is this: Cranmer, says Suffolk, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps, the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes,) may mean—He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. Mr. Rowe altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:

*He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. STEVENS.*

No,

No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule⁶; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To

⁶ *Enter the king, reading a schedule;]* That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshed*. Vol. II. p. 796 and 797.

“ Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion

To his own portion ! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords ;
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him : Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into a fast gait ; then, stops again ?
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eyes against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in his mind This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse
As I requir'd ; And, wot you, what I found
There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is heaven's will ;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

" Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof ; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a maul of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect " &c. STEEVENS.

7 — *then, stops again.*] Sallust describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.—" citus modo, modo tardus incessus." STEEVENS.

[He

[*He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—

Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time: a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my breth'ren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;

And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours^s:—my endeavours

^s *Beyond all man's endeavours:—*] The sense, is, my purposes went
beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it
falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces";
which, says Wolsey, no human endeavours could requite. MALONE.

Have

Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet, fil'd with my abilities⁹ : Mine own ends
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
 My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd ;
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated : the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it ; as, i'the contrary
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
 On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty¹,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be².
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
 Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,

⁹ *Yet, fil'd with my abilities :*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fil'd, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene :

“ — front but in that file

“ *Where others tell sleeps with me.*” STEEVENS.

¹ — *notwithstanding that your bond of duty.*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

² — *that am, have, and will be.*] I suppose, the meaning is, *that*, or *such a man*, I am, have been, and will ever be. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays ; but many of the hardnests in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this has been lost ; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line ; and indeed I have some doubt whether a comma ought not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. MALONE.

As

As doth a rock against the chiding flood³,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[Giving him papers.

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all the world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness; *

³ *As doth a rock against the chiding flood,*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"—it is an ever-fixed mark,

"That looks on tempests, and is never shaken."

The *chiding flood* is the *resounding flood*. So, in the verses in commendation of our author, by J. M. S. prefixed to the folio, 1632:

"—there plays a fair

"But *chiding* fountain." MALONE.

"Hile, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit" Æn. VII. 586. S.W.

* *I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;*] So, in Malowe's *King Edward II.*

"Base fortune, now I see th't in thy wheel,

"There is a point, to which when men aspire,

"They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*

"And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,

"Way should I grieve at my declining fall?" MALONE.

And,

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I halte now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of
SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
mands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To *Asher* house⁴, my lord of Winchester's⁵,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty*.

Suf. Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it⁶. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal you are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,

⁴ *To Asher house.*] This, as Mr. Warner has observed, was the an-
cient name of *Esber*: as appears from *Holinshed*: “—and everie man
took their houses and rode trait to *Asher*.” *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 909.

MALONE.

⁵ — *my lord of Winchester's.*] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was
himself bishop of Winchester: unless he meant to say, you must confine
yourself to that house which you possess as bishop of Winchester. *Asher*,
near Hampton Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishop-
rick. MALONE.

* — *so weighty*] The editor of the third folio changed *weighty* to
mighty, and all the subsequent editors adopted his capricious alteration.

MALONE.

⁶ *Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,*

(I mean, your malice,) know, &c.] Wolsey had said:

— *words cannot carry*

Authority so mighty.

To which they reply: *Who dare cross them?* &c.

Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech: *Till I find more
than will or words*, (I mean more than your malicious will and words,)
to do it; that is, *to carry authority so mighty*; I will deny to return what
the king has given me. JOHNSON.

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 (Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me :
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
 'Ty'd it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours * Surry durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
 You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That, in the way † of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st feel
 My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

* *Within these forty hours—*] Why forty hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolley's disgrace.—I suspect that Shakspeare wrote—“within these *four* hours,” and that the person who revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration. MALONE.

† *That in the way, &c.*] Mr. Theobald reads—That I in the way, &c. and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded * by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewel nobility ; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks ?

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope against the king : your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who †, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life :—I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell ⁸, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. These articles, my lord, are in the king's hand ;
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,

* *To be thus jaded*—] To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse ; or perhaps to be ridden by a priest ;—to have him mounted above us. MALONE.

† *And dare us with his cap, like larks.*] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet ; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to court* ? i. e. a satire on Wolsey :

"The red hat with his lure

"Bringeth all things under cure." STEEVENS.

† *Who*,—] Old copy—*Whom*. Corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

⁸ *Worse than the sacring bell*,—] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell ; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584 : "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass." The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. vi. STEEVENS.

When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you,
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing⁹
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,

Prefs not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late

⁹ — to the mere undoing—] *Mere* is absolute. So, in the *Hand
Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ — I am as happy

“ In my friend's good, as if 'twere merely mine.” STEEV.

By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire* ¹,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever ², and to be
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ³, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root ⁴,

¹—*of a præmunire.*] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. STEEVENS.

² *Chattels, and whatsoever.*] The old copy has *Castles*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's Chronicle on which this is founded ; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles* : " After this, in the kings bench his matter for the *præmunire* being called upon, two attornies which he had authorized by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgment to forfeit all his landes, teneaments, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection." CHRON. Vol. II. p. 99. MALONE.

³ *This is the state of man ; To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, &c.*] So, in our author's 25th sonnet :

" Great princes' favourites the fair leaves spread,

" But as the marigold in the sun's eye ;

" And in themselves their pride lies buried,

" For at a frown they in their glory die."

⁴—*nips his root.*] " As spring-frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. These capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the root, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poësies* :

" And frosts so nip the *rootes* of vertuous-meaning minds."

See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

And

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin;
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,

5 — *and their ruin.*] That is, their displeasure, producing the down-
 fall and ruin of him on whom it lights. So before:

“He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

“Leap'd from his eyes.” MALONE.

6 *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer.*] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587:

“Your fault not half so great as was my pride,

“For which offence fell Lucifer from the skies.” MALONE.

In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

“If once we fall, we fall Colossus like,

“We fall at once like pillars of the sunne,” &c. STEEVENS.

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have : I am able now *, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.*

What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is that, sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em ? !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's new indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O

Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories

* — *I am able now, &c*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" More can I bear, than you dare execute."

Again, in *Othello* :

" Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

" As I have to be hurt." MALONE.

7 — *a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !*] The chancellor is the
general guardian of orphans. *A tomb of tears* is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This idea will not appear altogether indefensible to those who recollect
the following epigram of Martial :

Flentibus Heliadem ramis dum vipera serpit,

Fluxit in obstantem succina gutta seram :

Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,

Concreto rignit vincta repente gelu

Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,

Vipera si temulo nobiliore jacet.

The Heliades certainly wept a tomb of tears over the viper. STEEV.
The old copy has—on him. The error, which probably arose from
similitude of sounds, was corrected by Mr. Stevens. MALONE.

In that one woman I have lost for ever :
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles⁸. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
 I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 'To be thy lord and master : Seek the king :
 'That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

⁸ *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*

Upon my smiles.] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the *printed* account, was eight hundred. "When (says Cavendish,) in his *Life of Wolsey*, shall we see any more such subjects, that shall keep such a noble house?—Here is an end of his household. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll [check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary, was not published till 1641 ; and it was then printed most unfaithfully, some passages being interpolated, near half the *M.* being omitted, and the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more readable at that time ; the covert object of the publication probably having been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example.—The persons who procured this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means they employed, if they could but obtain their end ; and therefore among other unwarrantable sophistications, they took care that the number "of troops that waited on Wolsey's smiles," should be sufficiently magnified ; and instead of *one hundred and eighty*, which was the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This appears from two *Mss.* of this work in the Museum ; *Mss.* Harl. No. 428, and *Mss.* Birch, 4233.

In another manuscript copy of Cavendish's *life of Wolsey*, in the Public Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household by the addition of a cypher is made 1800. MALONE.

Let's

Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of this wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition⁹ ;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal¹
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

⁹ — *fling away ambition* ;] Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition ; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office : “ —then if thou *fall'st*,” &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. MALONE.

¹ *Had I but serv'd my God, &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have express'd himself in the same manner:—“ If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity.” STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetic complaint : “ Mon zèle étoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin], qui si j'en eusse eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut déjà récompensé de son paradis.”

MAD NE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king, in the affair of the divorce ; but it shews how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. MAISON.

Crom. Good fir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. . Farewel

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gen.* You are well met once again ².

2. *Gen.* So are you.

1. *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

2. *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. . At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;
'This, general joy.

2. *Gen.* 'Tis well : the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds ³ ;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day ⁴ with shews,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1. *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, fir.

2. *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand ?

1. *Gen.* Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

² — *once again*] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act.

³ — *their royal minds* ;] i. e. their minds well affected to their king. JOHNSON.
Mr. Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal*. In *K. Henry IV. P. II.* we have "*royal* faith," that is faith due to kings ; which Sir T. Hanmer changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces me that there is no error in the text in either place. MALONE.

⁴ — *this day* —] Hanmer reads *these days* ; but Shakespeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation-day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal : you may read the rest.

2. *Gen.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

1. *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *Gen.* Alas, good lady ! — [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets ; then, enter

1. Two judges.
2. Lord Chancellor with the purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing. [Music.]
4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Dutches of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2. *Gen.*

2. *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the scepter ?

1. *Gen.* Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2. *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1. *Gen.* Yes.

2. *Gen.* Heaven blefs thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gen.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gen.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gen.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *Gen.* No more of that.

Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! where have you been broiling ?

3. *Gen.* Among the croud i' the abbey ; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gen.* You saw the ceremony ?

3. *Gen.* That I did.

1. *Gen.* How was it ?

3. *Gen.* Well worth the seeing

2. *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3. *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream^s
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down

[*The rich stream, &c.*]

" —ingentem foribus domus alta superbis

" Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam."

VIRG. GEORG. II. 461. MALONE.

To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people.
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
 That ever lay by man : which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
 (Doublets, I think,) flew up ; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams⁶,
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make them reel before them. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2. Gen. But what follow'd ?

3. Gen. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
 When by the archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Lay'd nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York place, where the feast is held.

1. Gen. Sir.

You must no more call it York place, that's past :
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost ;
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3. Gen. I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2. Gen. What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

3. Gen. Stokesly, and Gardiner ; the one, of Winchester,
 (Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
 The other, London.

2. Gen. He of Winchester
 Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
 The virtuous Cranmer.

⁶—like rams—] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

3. *Gen.* All the land knows that :

However, yet there's no great breach ; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3. *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell ; a man in much esteem
With the king, and truly a worthy friend.
The king hath made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests ;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter CATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; *led between* GRIFFITH
and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace ?

Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death :

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen : Reach a chair ;
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam, but I think⁸, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example⁹.

Grif.

7 *SCENE II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

8 — *I think*—] Old Copy—*I thank*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

9 — *he stepp'd before me, happily,*

For my example] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure*,

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl Northumberland¹
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule².

Cath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads³, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !"

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach⁴, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion

venture, haply. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

Mr. Mason is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*. Mr. Stevens's interpretation is, I think, right. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

"Might *happily* have prov'd far worse than his." MALONE.

¹ — *the stout earl of Northumberland*—] So, in *Chevy Chase* :

"The stout earl of Northumberland

"A vow to God did make—." STEEVENS.

² *He could not sit his mule.*] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself ; but the words—"at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some similar purpose ; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the museum. See a former note, p. 80. MALONE.

³ — *with easy roads*,] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of an unbounded stomach.*] i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, H. linshed, speaking of king Richard III : "Such a great audacity and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie." STEEVENS.

Ty'd

Ty'd all the kingdom⁵ : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,

Both

5 — *one, that by suggestion*

Ty'd all the kingdom :] The word *suggestion*, says the critick, [Dr. Warburton,] is here used with great propriety, and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue : and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from the late Roman writers and their glosses. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim* :

" This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure ; he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion : in open presence he would lie and feie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning : he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that fir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *ty'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle ; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal* ! A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers ; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the cardinal : who having insolently told the lord-mayor and aldermen, " For saue I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient : " Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again ; " Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makynge of Abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollynge in his courtes legatines, had made his *treasure* egall with the *kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the cardinal says :

" I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had

" *Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land," &c. STEEVENS.

Ty'd all the kingdom :] i. e. He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II. sc. ii. " free us from his slavery," " or this imperious man will work us all from princes into pages : all men's honours," &c. Act III. sc. ii. " You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. sc. i. and Act III. sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644 : " Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tyed* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr

Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing ⁶.
 Of his own body he was ill ⁷, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
 We write in water ⁸. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now ?

Cath.

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe*, of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is queen Catharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double tythed* it ? Still Dr. Farmer insists that " the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle* : " i. e. The cardinal " by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is decanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests ; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So Buckingham says, Act I. sc. i. " No man's pye is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. sc. ult. " Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion : " and *ibidem*, " You have sent innumerable substance (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience)—to the mere undoing of all the kingdom " This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLET.

⁶ — as he is now, nothing.] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence* :

" — Great men

" Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in

" Their promises ; but those obtain'd, weak pygmies

" In their performance." STEEVENS.

⁷ Of his own body he was ill,] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. So, in *Holinshed*, p. 1258 :

" — he laboured by all means to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing
 evil of his bodie with him. STEEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, Edw. VI. p.

16 : " — that she was naught of her bodye." MALONE.

⁸ — their virtues

We

Cath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal ,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that fought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,

Unwilling

We write in water.] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought
in their *Philaster* :

" — all your better deeds

" Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble." STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in sir Tho.
More's *Hist. of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed
his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane
Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity ;
More adds, " men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble,
and who so doth us a good turne, we write it in dulle." *More's Works*,
bl. l. 1557, p. 57. PERCY.

So, (as an anonymous writer has observed, in Harrington's *Aristot*,
1591 :

" Men say it, and we see it come to pass,

" Good turns in sand, shre wd turns *are writ in brass*." MALONE.

9 *This cardinal, &c.*] This speech is formed on the following passage
in Holinshed : " This cardinal, (as Edmond Campion in his *Hystorie of
Ireland* described him,) was a man undoubtedly born to honour ; I
think, (saith he) some princes bastard, no butcher's sonne ; exceeding
wise, faire spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie,
loftie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted
and sought his friendship wondrous courteous ; a ripe schooleman,
thrall to affections, brought to bed with flatterie ; insatiable to get, and
more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich
and Oxenford, the one overthrowen with his fall, the other unfinished,
and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes, (considering all the appur-
tenances,) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and in-
joyed at once the bishopricks of Yorke, Daresme, and Winchester, the
dignities of Lord Cardinall, Legat, and Chancellor, the abbacie of St.
Albons, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices in *commendam* ; a great
preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quar-
rel, never happy till this his overthrow ; wherein he shewed such mode-
ration, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more
honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

When Shakspeare says that Wolsey was " a scholar from his cradle,"
he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which
Stowe has copied :—" Cardinal Wolsey was an honest poor man's sonne

—who,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it¹ ;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little :
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour : Peace be with him !—
 Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

—who, *being but a child, was very apt to learn* ; wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made batchelor of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called *the boy batchelor*." See also Wolley's Legend, *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587.

I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and *From his cradle* begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. — Mr. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus :

" Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."

And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown into verse, " This cardinal was a man undoubtedly born to *honour*," strongly support his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly.

MALONE.

¹ *Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;*] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation : or perhaps " the good" is licentiously used for the good *man* ; the virtuous prelate who founded it. So, in the *Winter's Tale* : " — a piece many years in *doing*."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good *he* did it ; which appears to me unintelligible: " The good *he* did it," was laying the foundation of the building and endowing it : if therefore we suppose the college unwilling to outlive the good *he* did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth.

" The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the goodness that gave rise to it," though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

Sad

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep : Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her ;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another², six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces ; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance ; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head ; at which, the other four make reverent court'sies ; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head : which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven : and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. *The musick continues.*

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? Are ye all gone ?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye ?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Cath. It is not you I call for :

Saw ye none enter, since I slept ?

Grif. None, madam.

Cath. No ? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold ? Mark her eyes.

² — solemnly tripping one after another.] This whimsical stage direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

Of this stage-direction I do not believe our author wrote one word.—Catharine's next speech probably suggested this tripping dumb-show to the too busy reviver of this play. MALONE.

Grif.

Grif. She is going, wench ; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. An't like your grace,—

Cath. You are a sawcy fellow ;

Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,

Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.

Mef. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH, and Messen.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,

The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you to take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

[*giving it to CATH.*]

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king³.

Cap.

³ *This to my lord the king.*] So, *Holinshed*, p. 939 : " — perceiving
hi

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves⁴, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble⁵;

And,

hir selfe to wax verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeeres wages beside."

STEEVENS.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,

The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and your self into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell." MALONE.

⁴ *The model of our chaste loves—*] *Model is image or representative.* MALONE.

⁵ *A right good husband; let him be a noble;*] "Let him be," I suppose, signifies, *even though he should be*; or, *admit that he be*. She means to observe that, *nobility superadded to virtue is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.* STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble*, may not, consistently with this meaning, the

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
 The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by;
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in the world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness:
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewel.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
 I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch
 before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Catharine's women like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless king. MALONE.

Not

Not for delights⁶; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero⁷
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk⁸
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way⁹; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—

⁶ *Not for delights;*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *at primero*—] A game at cards. MALONE.

⁸ *Some touch of your late business;*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *mine own way*:] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

Beside that of the jewel house, he's made ¹ master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments ²,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick ³, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king ⁴; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded *,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented ⁵. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas,

Low. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.*]

*As LOVEL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of
SUFFOLK.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

¹ he's made—] The pronoun, which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

² Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,] Trade is the practised method, the general course. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning in *K. Richard II.*:

"Some way of common trade." STEEVENS.

³ — I have

Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is, &c.

A most arch heretick,—] I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick:—I have thus incited them against him. MALONE.

⁴ — broken with the king;] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

* — he hath commanded,] He, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. He hath was often written contractedly *b'ath*. Hence probably the error. MALONE.

⁵ He be convented.] Convented is summoned, convened. STEEVENS

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—

Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death⁶.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night,—

[Exit SUFFOLK.]

*Enter Sir Anthony DENNY*⁷.

Well, sir, what follows?

Dcn.

⁶ — *her sufferance made*

Almost each pang a death.] We have had nearly the same sentiment before, in A & II. sc. iii.

“— it is a sufferance panging

“As soul and body's severing.” MALONE.

⁷ *Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563.

“When night came, the king sent sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and coming into the galerie where the king walked and tarried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sowne within the realme such a number of execrable

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King.

erable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie, and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor.

When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content, if it please your grace, with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandment; and I must humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies flattered me, and now this way I hope to trie my selfe not worthy of such reporte.

The king perceiving the mans uprightness, joined with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner of man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsaile, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ringe, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thanks, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. But the king's physician resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile chamber doore

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Low. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither.

[*aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery.

[*Lovel seemeth to stay.*]

amongste them. It is not so, (quoth the king) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone.

Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort, as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no maner of persuation or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said; When you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will hee defend his life against brabbling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come to the kings presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailler as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnlie laying his hand upon his brest, said,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to bee of all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefe of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his triall and his purification against the common fame and slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lordes, (quoth the king) take him. and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogether, which might easilie be done with that man." STEEVENS.

Ha!

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt LOVEL, and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty.

To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us⁸,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,

Than I myself, poor man⁹.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;

Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted

In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;

Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,

What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition, that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you

⁸ — *You a brother of us,*] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

⁹ *That I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* belongs probably to the king's reply. GREY.

Without

Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on ¹ is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies ²,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
'To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck ³,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to,
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

¹ *The good I stand on—*] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say, *The ground I stand on—*. JOHNSON.

The old copy is certainly right. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Your franchises, whereon you stand, confin'd

"Into an augre's bore." MALONE

² *I, with mine enemies*, Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. MALONE.

³ *Ween you of better luck,*] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEV.

There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
 His language in his tears. *[Exit CRANMER.]*

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [within]. Come back ; What mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : The God of heaven
 Both now and ever blest her⁴ !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel⁵,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll have more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl is like to him ?
 I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. *[Exeunt.]*

⁴ — blest her !] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl. MALONE.

⁵ Lovel,—] Lovel has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return : I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Before the Council-Chamber.**Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit BUTTS.]

Cran. [*Aside*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace! For certain,
'This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never fought their malice.)
'To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,

(At

At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
 Let them alone, and draw the curtain close*;
 We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor⁶, the Duke of Suffolk, Earl of Surry, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and Cromwell. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The next seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now⁷.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.

Chan.

* — draw the curtain close;] i. e. the curtain of the balcony or upper-stage, where the king now is. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

⁶ Enter the Lord Chancellor,—] In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him *Lord Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

⁷ Your grace may enter now.] It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *with-*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we are all men,
In our own natures frail, incapable^s;

out, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the *outside* of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, “Cranmer *approaches* the council-table”, not, “Cranmer *enters* the council-chamber,” seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the “appliances and aids” that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. See the *Account of the old theatres*. Vol. I. MALONE.

^s — But we are all men.

In our own natures frail, incapable;—] The old copy reads—and capable. For the emendation now made, I am answerable. It is one of those concerning which, I conceive, there cannot be any difference of opinion. The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension. So, in *K. Richard III.*

—“O, ’tis a parlous boy,

“Bol’, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*!”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“His form and cause conjoin’d, preaching to stones,

“Would make them *capable*.”

In the same play Shakspeare has used *incapable* nearly in the sense required here:

“As one *incapable* [i. e. unintelligent] of her own distress.”

So, Marston, in his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599:

“To be perus’d by all the dung-scum rabble

“Of thin-brain’d ideots, dull, *uncapable*.”

Minshew in his *Dictionary*, 1617, renders the word by *indocilis*.

The transcriber’s ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings*. The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in the text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense:

—we are all men,

In our own natures *frail, incapable*;

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which *frailty*,

And *want of wisdom*, you, &c.

Mr. Pope in his licentious method printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

—we are all men,

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of *frailty*, few are angels; *from* which frailty, &c. MALONE.

*Of

Of our flesh, few are angels : out of which frailty,
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords : for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physick : And what follows then ?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany⁹, can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely ; and the end
 Was ever, to do well : nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart¹, my lords,)
 A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
 'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make
 Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,

⁹ *The upper Germany, &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.*

GREY.

¹ — *a single heart—] A heart void of duplicity or guile.* MALONE.

We

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers²,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man³.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

² — *your painted gloss discovers, &c.*] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

³ — *'tis a cruelty, To load a falling man.*] This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

— O my lord,

— *Prejs not a falling man too far.* STEVENS.

Crom.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord ⁴,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gar. What other

Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gar. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

⁴ *Chan.* *Then thus for you, &c.*] This and the little speech above—
“ This is too much,” &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord *Chamberlain*. The difference between *Cham* and *Chan*, is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on *Cranmer's* entrance first arraigns him, and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom *Shakspeare* would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the king for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Cham.

Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base⁵ to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel⁶,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st for me, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*to Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not⁷.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

⁵ *They are too thin, &c.*] i. e. the commendations above mentioned. Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote—They are too thin and *bare*; and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. MALONE.

⁶ *To me you cannot reach: you play, &c.*] Mr. Whalley would read:
To one you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
“the relative *whom* being understood.” I think the old copy is right.
MALONE.

⁷ *Than but once think his place becomes thee not.*] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also: who supposes that thou art not fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this* place. MALONE.
King.

King. No, fir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
 Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom : There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
 That is³, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

³ That is, &c.] My suit is, that you would be godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads—*There is*, &c. and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider as superfluous ; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays:—or, the construction may be—A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [*to*], and answer for her. So, before in this play :

“— whoever the king favours,

“ The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*],

“ And far enough from court too.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ How true a gentleman you send relief [*to*].” MALONE.

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Thy honourable metal may be wrought

“ From what it is dispos'd [*to*].” MALONE.

In such an honour ; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons ;
you shall have

Two

9 — *you'd spare your spoons :*] It appears by this and another passage in the next scene, that the gossips gave spoons. JOHNSON.

It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind : — “ and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in.” So, in *A chaste Maid in Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620 : “ 2. *Gos.* What has he given her ? what is it, gossip ? 5. *Gos.* A faire high standing-cup, and two great *'apostle spoons*, one of them gilt. 1. *Par.* Sure that was Judas then with the red beard ”

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, &c.* observes that “ the general mode of eating must either have been with the spoon or the fingers ; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason that spoons became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings.”

STEEVENS.

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Mss. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a subsequent period :

“ Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was so melancholy : No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I ; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what ? says he — I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten* [Latin] *spoons*, and thou shalt translate them.”

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entitled *The Reasons of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*. &c. p. 14.

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. “ At this time,” [the first year of Queen Elizabeth,] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, “ and for many yeeres before, it was not the use and custome, as now it is, [1631,] for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as *spoons*, cups, and such like,) but only to give *christening shirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silk or blew thread ; the best of them for chief persons

Two noble partners with you ; the old dutchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquiss Dorset : Will these please you ?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, these joyful tears shew thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verif'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*—
Come lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye, one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : Do you
take the court for Paris-garden² ? ye rude slaves leave your
gaping.

sons weare edged with a small lace of black silke and gold ; the highest
price of which for great men's children were seldome above a noble, and
the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he speaks of apostle-spoons, has, as usual,
attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I
have not been able to ascertain. Probably however he is here accurate;
for we know that certain pieces of plate were on some occasions then
bestowed ; Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening
of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts presented by her sponsors were
a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers. *Chron.*
Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

¹ — *thy true heart.*] Old Copy—hearts. Corrected by the editor of
the second folio. MALONE.

² — *Paris-garden ?*] The bear garden of that time. JOHNSON.
This celebrated bear-garden on the Bank-side was so called from
Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King
Richard II. *Rot. Claus.* 16. R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's GLOSSOGRA.

MALONE.

The Globe theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on
the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this
noted place of tumult and disorder. See a south view of London, (as
it appeared in 1599) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in
Chancery-Lane, in 1771. STEEVENS.

Within.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue, Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree slaves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons.)

To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep

On May-day morning⁴; which will never be:

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand⁵, to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in⁶? or have we some strange Indian⁷ with the great tool come to court, the

⁴ On May-day morning;] It was anciently the custom of all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that king Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion.

STEEVENS.

Stow says, that "in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind. See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. REED.

⁵ —sir Guy, nor Colbrand,] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. The combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

⁶ —Morefields to muster in?] The train bands of the city were exercised in Morefields. JOHNSON.

⁷ —some strange Indian—] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You

the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face⁸, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake^{*} did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit⁹ near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head¹, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor² once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs*³! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers

"You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast

"Lately brought from the land of *Cataia*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, and Shakspeare, 1634:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long *TOOL*." COLLINS.

Fig. i. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. TOLLER.

⁸ — *he should be a brasier by his face,*] A *brasier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. JOHNSON.

^{*} — *That fire-drake*—] A *fire drake* is thus described by Bullokar in his *Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616: "*Firedrake.* A fire sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile.

MALONE.

⁹ *There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit*—] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his induction to the *Magnetick Lady*: "—and all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume." MALONE.

¹ — *tell her pink'd porringer fell off her head,*] Her pink'd porringer is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

"*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

"*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a *porringer*." MALONE.

² — *the meteor*] The fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

³ — *who cried out, clubs.*] This was the usual cry, when an affray happened in the street. By *clubs*, persons armed with clubs or staves were meant. MALONE.

draw

draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand⁴, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me⁵, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot⁶, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples⁷; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse⁷, their dear

4 — *the hope of the strand*,] Hanmer reads, *the forlorn hope*.

JOHNSON.

* — *to the broomstaff with me*,—] The old copy has—*to me*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 — *loose shot*.—] i. e. loose or random shooters. MALONE.

6 — *that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples*;] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny."

In *Wit without Money*, by B. and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:—"break in at plays like prentices, for three a great, and crack nuts with the scholars in penny rooms again."

Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604, *Sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of. Again, in the *Bellman's Night Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy twopence to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot." STEEVENS.

See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

7 — *the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Lime-house*,] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. The *limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and merry, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poet-laureate, lately deceased." Printed by John Rastel, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,

"And some fall prechyng on *ture hyll*." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words paired together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans.

T. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels,

dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*⁸, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadlēs⁹, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!

quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—the lambs of *Limehouse*.

A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs:

“I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,

“Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,

“And open them on Sundays: a familist,

“And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“I cannot abide these *limbs* of fatten, or rather Satan, &c.”

STEEVENS.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may however be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled at any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Passgrave or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*; and, *The Hog bath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title page, to have been publicly acted by certain London *prentices*.

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*: “Your judgment, rascal! for what?—Sweeping the stage? or gathering up the broken apples?”] and the word —“which no audience can endure,” might lead us to suppose that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The *limbs of Limehouse*, their dear brothers, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: “Why, I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school master in England.—They make all their scholars *play boys*. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders*? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books.”—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

⁸ — in *Limbo Patrum*,] He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day. MALONE.

⁹ — running banquet of two beadles,] A public whipping. JOHNS.

They

They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly, and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards¹, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your
head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick you
o'er the pales else². [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,
Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Mar-
shal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing
great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four*

¹ — here ye lie baiting of bumbards,] A bumbard is an ale-barrel;
to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the spigot. JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage in Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, ACT II.
sc. ii. that bumbards were the large vessels in which the beer was car-
ried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled black jacks of leather. So,
in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "She looks like a black bumbard
with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEEVENS.

² I'll pick you o'er the pales else.] To pick is to pitch. "To pick a
dart. Cole renders, *jaculator*. DICT. 1679. See a note on *Christenings*.
ACT I. sc. i. where the word is, as I conceive, rightly spelt. Here the
spelling in the old copy is *peck*. MALONE.

Noblemen

KING HENRY VIII.

119

Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop halts, and Garter ſpeaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endleſs goodneſs, ſend prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princeſs of England, Elizabeth ³!

Flouriſh. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myſelf, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbiſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kiſſes the child.*]
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee!
Into whoſe hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much Engliſh.

Cran. Let me ſpeak, ſir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven ſtill move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wiſdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure ſoul ſhall be: all princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her: truth ſhall nurſe her,

³ *Heaven, from thy endleſs goodneſs, &c.]* Theſe words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the chriſtening of Elizabeth. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

Holy

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety⁴,
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour⁵,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her⁶: But as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,

4 — *every man shall eat in safety,*] That part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by B. and Fletcher in the *Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:

“ Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,

“ In his own shade, or sunshine,” &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the fourth chapter of the first book of *Kings*: “ Every man dwelt safely under his vine.”

STEEVENS.

5 — *the perfect ways of honour,*] The old copy reads *way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts. “ Her *ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” MALONE.

6 *Nor shall this peace sleep with her:*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in brackets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interpolation of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejects at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politician and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation.

JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's plays*, Vol. I. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakespeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakespeare.

MALONE.
 Shall

Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations⁷: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess⁸; many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—

⁷ *His honour and the greatness of his name*

Shall be, and make new nations:] On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612,) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. MALONE.

⁸ *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*

An aged princess;] The transition here from the complimentary address to king James the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

King. Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,

Thou'st made me now a man. Never, before

This happy child, did I get any thing, &c.

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgment. THEOBALD.

I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good breth'ren⁹, I am much beholding;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday¹.

[Exeunt.

⁹ *And your good breth'ren,*] The old copy has—*And you, &c.* The correction was made by Dr. Thirlby. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“The mayor and all his breth'ren in best sort. MALONE.

¹ The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine has furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakpeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

E P I L O G U E.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 For such a one we shew'd them²: If they smile³,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

² *such a one we shew'd them:]* In the character of Katharine.

³ *If they smile, &c.]* This thought is too much hackney'd It had
 been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second
 part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine
 or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion
 that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shak-
 speare; *non voluit, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they
 were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose man-
 ner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet an-
 other supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been
 written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some acci-
 dental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining
 that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him,
 this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other
 works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight*;
 —the fellow

In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he
 would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however,
 must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of
 this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have
 changed his practice or opinion. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since
 strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, by which it appears
 that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the pro-
 logue and epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote
 the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before

assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue,

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

See the first scene of this play, p. 1, n. 1. MALONE.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

"To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
 "Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed
 "Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
 "And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
 "Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
 "And in the tiring-house," &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*.

JOHNSON.

On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatic poet. See the *Essay* at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI*.

MALONE.

It appears from more than one *MS.* in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty four Whittun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.* and Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

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Persons Represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of
the Volscians and Antiates.*

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C O R I O L A N U S.¹

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good²: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear³: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us re-

¹ This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. POPE.

² *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good.*] Good is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Ho*:

“—know good men, well monied.” FARMER.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“Anthonio's a good man.” MALONE.

³ —but they think, *we are too dear*:] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

venge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes⁴: so the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first^{*}; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

4 *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:*] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke, which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes:* for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes.*

WARBURTON.

It is plain that in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a dissolute man, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rakel*, in Isandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so; and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the clerk's horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 288:

"As leue was his hors as is a rake."

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II:

"His lody lean and meagre as a rake."

As thin as a whipping post, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says:

"A megre leane rake," &c.

This passage seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEV.

* *Cit. Against him first*, &c.] This speech is in the old copy, as here, given to a boy of the citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first citizen. MALONE.

Cit.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition, [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough; ♡Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. *Cit.* Our business * is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1. *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment⁵: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it: and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity

* *Our business, &c.*] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shews that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus. MALONE.

⁵ — *cracking ten thousand curbs*

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment:] So, in *Othello*:

"I have made my way through more impediment,

"Than twenty times your stop." MALONE.

Thither

Thither where more attends you ; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1. *Cit.* Care for us !—True, indeed !—They ne'er car'd
for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
cramm'd with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support
usurers : repeal daily an wholesome act established against
the rich ; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain
up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they
will ; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall you
A pretty tale ; it may be, you have heard it ;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale it a little more⁶.

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think to
fob off our disgrace with a tale⁷ : but, an't please you,
deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—
That only like a gulf it did remain
P' the middle o'the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing

6 — *I will venture*

To scale it a little more.] *To scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still
used in the North. The sense is, Though some of you have heard the
story, I will spread it wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in
Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1635. So, in *The History of*
Clyemon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c. a play published in 1599:

"The huge heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,
Are *skaled* from their nesting place, and pleasures passage
find"

In the North they say, *scale* the corn, *i. e.* scatter it: *scale* the muck
well, *i. e.* spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken
from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Flodden Field*.

Again, *Holinshed*, vol. ii. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the
Welshmen during the absence of Richard II. says: "—they would no
longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." In the Glossary to Gavin
Douglas's Translation of *Virgil*, the following account of the word is
given. "*Skail*, *skale*, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr.
escheweler, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparos habere. All from
the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheweler*, *schewel*, *skail*; but of a more ge-
neral signification." STEEVENS.

The bald reads—*scale* it. MALONE.

7 — disgrace with a tale:] *Disgraces* are *hardships*, injuries. JOHNS.

Like

Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments⁸
 Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
 And, mutually participate*, did minister
 Unto the appetite and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

1. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
 Which ne'er came from the lungs⁹, but even thus,
 (For, look you, I may make the belly smile¹,
 As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
 To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
 That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly²
 As you malign our senators, for that
 They are not such as you.

1. *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counsellor heart³, the arm our soldier,
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
 Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1. *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
 What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
 Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. *Cit.* You are long about it.

⁸ — where the other instruments—] *Where for whereas.* JOHNSON.
 We meet with the same expression in the *Winter's Tale*:

“As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“The instruments that feel.” MALONE.

* — participate,] here means *participant*, or *participating*. MALONE.

⁹ Which ne'er came from the lungs,] With a smile not indicating
 pleasure but contempt. JOHNSON.

¹ — I may make the belly smile,] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding,
 laugh'd at their folly, and say'd,” &c. North's Translation
 of Plutarch, p. 240. edit. 1579. MALONE.

² — even so most fitly] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

³ The counsellor heart,—] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat
 of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the under-
 standing. See the next note. MALONE.

Men.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain⁴ ;

And,

⁴ — *to th' seat o' the brain ;*] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle :

“ Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the brain.* He uses *seat for throne, the royal seat,* which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.* Act III. sc. iv :

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy *seat.*”

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabric by similar metaphors :

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

The counsellor heart,— TYRWHITT.

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him ; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding : “ Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their laste and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsell. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body, the arms waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. There REASON laid open before them,” &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. in which a circumstance is noticed, that shews our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal seat, the throne.* *The seat of the brain,* is put in apposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. “ I send it, (lays the belly,) through the blood, even to the *royal residence, the heart,* in which the kingly-crowned understanding *sits enthroned.*” So, in *K Henry VI* P. II.

“ The rightful heir to England's royal *seat.*”

In like manner in *Twelfth Night*, our author has erected the *throne* of love in the *heart* :

“ It gives a very echo to the *seat*

“ Where loved is *throned.*”

Again,

And, through the cranks * and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—

1. *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1. *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members : For examine
Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common ; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

1. *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage⁵.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs :

Rome

Again, in *Othello* :

"Yield up O love, thy crown and hearted throne."

See also a passage in *K. Henry V.* where *seat* is used in the same sense as here. MALONE.

* — *through the cranks*—] i. e. the windings. MALONE.

⁵ *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,*

Lead'st first, to win some vantage,—] Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest. Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, Thou worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of plebeians takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to print out, nor did Shak'speare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards—

"From *rascals* worse than they."

The meaning, is perhaps only this: Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON

The

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale⁶.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud⁷. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it⁸. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine species. MALONE.

Worst in blood may be the true reading. In *King Henry IV. P. I.*:

“If we be English deer, be then *in blood*,”

i. e. high spirits: Again in this play of *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. v. “But when they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

6 *The one side must have bale.*] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *miser* or *calamity*. So, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*:

“For light she hated as the deadly *bale*.” STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspere's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616. MALONE.

7 *That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,*

The other makes you proud.] Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

8 — *Your virtue is,*

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,

And curse that justice did it.] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

And

And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth¹,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands² of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance³.

¹ *What's their seeking?*] When I was more fond of conjecture than I am at present, and, like many others, too desirous to reduce our author's phraseology to that of the present day, I proposed to read—What *is't* they're seeking? but the text certainly is right. *Seeking* is here used substantively.—The answer is, "Their seeking, or *suit*, (to use the language of the time,) is for corn." MALONE.

¹ —*their ruth*,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. STEEVENS.

² —*I'd make a quarry*

With thousands—] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"And like a quarry cast them on the land." STEEVENS.

Again, in Fletcher's *Wife for a month*:

"I saw the child of honour, for he was young,

"Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful pagans,—

"He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries." MASON.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, says that "a quarry among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting." This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. MALONE.

³ *As I could pick my lance*.] That is, *pitch* it. So, in *An Account of ancient customs in games* &c. Mss Harl. 2057, fol. 10. b.

"To wrestle, play at strole-ball, or to runne,

"To *picke* the barre, or to shoot off a gun."

The word is again used in *K. Henry VIII.* with only a slight variation in the spelling: "I'll *peck* you o'er the pales else." See p. 118, n. 2.

MALONE.

The word is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants.

TOLLET.

Men.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity⁴,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation*.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not —'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city⁵,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing⁶.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1. Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;

⁴ — *the heart of generosity,*] To give the final blow to the nobles.
Generosity is high birth. JOHNSON.

* *Shouting their emulation.*] Each of them striving to shout louder
than the rest. MALONE.

⁵ — *unroof'd the city,*] Old Copy—*unroof'd*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

⁶ *For insurrections arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon
MALONE.

The Volces are in arms ⁷.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face ;
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

1. Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :—
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority ⁸.

Com. Noble Lartius ⁹ !

1. Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone, [*To the Cit.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,

⁷ — 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

The Volces are in arms. | Coriolanus had been just told himself that
the Volces were in arms. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you*
gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified ;
they are in arms. JOHNSON.

⁸ Right worthy you priority.] You being right worthy of precedence.

MALONE.

⁹ Noble Lartius!] Old Copy—*Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius
in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcus*. MALONE.

Your valour puts well forth¹ : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN. Citizens steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird² the gods—

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him³ : he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic.

¹ *Your valour puts well forth :—*] That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“—To day he puts forth

“The tender leaves of hope, to morrow blossoms,” &c.

MALONE.

² —to gird—] To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me.* JOHNSON.

To gird, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, “in some parts of England means to push vehemently. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he girds at it.” To gird likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to taunt, or annoy by a stroke of sarcasm. Congreve makes gird, nip, and twinge, synonymous. MALONE.

³ *The present wars devour him : he is grown*

Too proud to be so valiant.] Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but that *the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c.* According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in these wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities*. To eat up, and consequently to devour, has this meaning. So, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act IV. sc. iv :

“But thou, [the crown,] most fine, most honour'd, most renowned,

“Hast eat thy bearer up.”

He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour. STEEVENS.

I concur

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he
Had borne the business !*

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius ⁴.

Bru. Come ;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
Inaught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity ⁵, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

I concur with Mr. Steevens. "The present wars," Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess ; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. iii.

"—He that's proud, *eats up* himself."

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, "he is grown too proud of being so valiant, to be endured." MALONE.

⁴ *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning : So, in *Othello* :

"—and my *demerits*

"May speak," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolsey says to his servants, "—I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*." STEEVENS.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 69. "—this noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester,—." MALONE.

⁵ *More than his singularity, &c.*] We will learn what he is to do, besides going himself ; what are his powers, and what is his appointment.

JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.**Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.*

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone⁶,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

[*reads.*]

*They have prest'd a power⁷, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy.*

*(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1. *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatching,

⁶ — 'Tis not four days gone,] i. e. four days past. STEEVENS.

⁷ *They have prest'd a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—"They have *prest* a power," which may signify they have a power ready, from *pret*, Fr. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"And I am *prest* unto it."

See the note on this passage, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were generally so *spelt* in Shakespeare's time: so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I believe *prest'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of *imprest'd*. So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus, translated by Sir T. North, 1579: "—the common people—would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *prest* them for the warres." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"From London by the king was I *prest'd* forth." MALONE.

It

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns⁸, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army⁹; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. *Sen.* Farewel.

2. *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in
a more comfortable fort: If my son were my husband, I

⁸ To take in many towns—] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. So, in *The Execution on Vulcan*, by Ben Jonson:

“—The Globe, the glory of the Bank,

“I saw with two poor chambers taken in,

“And raz'd.” MALONE.

⁹ —for the remove

Bring up your army:] Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli*. If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read:

—for their remove. JOHNSON.

The remove and their remove are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceiv'd him. But it is always dangerous to set conjecture loose where there is no difficulty. MALONE.

should

should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak¹. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself*.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome; His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

¹ — *brows bound with oak:*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

* — *to retire myself.*] *Retire* was formerly used as a verb active. MALONE.

Than gilt his trophy ²: The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria ³,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA, and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.
 What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—
 How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
 Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a
 very pretty boy, O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednes-
 day half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd counte-
 nance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when
 he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and
 over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again:
 or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so
 set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mam-
 mock'd it ⁴.

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam ⁵.

² Than gilt his trophy:—] Gilt means a superficial display of gold; a word now obsolete. So, in *K Henry V*:

"Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd." STEEVENS.

³ At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,] The accuracy of the editors of the first folio may be known from the manner in which they have given this line:

At Grecian sword. Contending, tell Valeria. STEEVENS.

⁴ —mammoth'd it.] To mammoth is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"That he were chopp'd in mammoths, I could eat him."

STEEVENS.

⁵ A crack, madam] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson: "—since we are turn'd cracks, let's study to be like cracks, and freely, carelessly, and capriciously." Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

"A notable, dissembling lad, a crack." Crack signifies a boy child.

STEEVENS.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably:—Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will with her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Val. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pry thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's less than a little⁶. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*]

⁶ — *nor a man that fears you less than he,*

That's less than a little.] The sense requires it to be read:

— *nor a man that fears you more than he,*

Or, more probably:

— *nor a man but fears you less than he,*

That's less than a little. JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more*. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should have written—*but fears you less, &c.*

MALONE

ARE

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
'They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave
Titus;

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fel-
lows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and Exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MAR-
CIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues⁸
Plaster

⁷ *Re-enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *cursing*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues, &c.*] This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. For the present regulation I am answerable. "You herd of cowards!" Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

"—one's Junius Brutus,

"Sicinius Velutus and I know not—'sdeath,

"The rabble should have first," &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression:

"—Are these your herd?

"Must these have voices," &c.

Again: More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the
herdsmen of the *beastly* plebeians."

In

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
 Farther than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volcians and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volcians retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I,

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

3. *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares² his senseless sword,

And,

In Mr. Rowe's edition *berds* was printed instead of *herd*, the reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

"You shames of Rome, you! *Herds* of boils and plagues

"Plaster you o'er!" MALONE.

² *Who sensible, out dares—*] The old editions read:

Who sensibly out-dares—

Thirby reads:

Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.

He

And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
 A carbuncle entire¹, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes²; but, with thy grim looks, and

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half his correction. JOHNSON.

Sensible is here, having *sensation*. So before: "I would, your cambric were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.

MALONE.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1673, p. 293:

"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senselesse armour," &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *A carbuncle entire, &c.*] So, in *Othello*:

"If heaven had made me such another woman,

"Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

"I'd not have ta'en it for her." MALONE.

² — *Thou wast a soldier*

Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes, &c.] The old copy reads—*Calues* wish. The correction was made by Theobald, and is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: "Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backs, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a *souldier* and a captain to be; not only *terrible* and *fierce* to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the *sounde of his voyce and grimmes of his countenance*." North's translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. Malon supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder Cato "into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus. (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentic ancient copy. The substitution of *Calues*, instead of *Cato's*, is, easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* wish; (So, in Beaumont's *Masque* 1613:

"And what will *Juno's* Iris do for her?")

omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *e* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calues*. See a subsequent passage in Act II. sc. ult. in which our author has been led by another passage in Plutarch into a similar anachronism. MALONE.

The

The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble ³.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1. *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcus:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain ⁴ alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2. *Rom.* And I this.

3. *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarm continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours ⁵
 At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would

³ — as if the world

Were feverous, and did tremble. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — some say, the earth

" Was feverous, and did shake." STEEVENS.

⁴ — make remain —] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain. HANMER.

⁵ — prize their hours —] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out to them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to runne straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow citizes peradventure were fighting with their enemies." STEEVENS.

Bury with those that wore them ⁶, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them.—
 And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him :—
 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
 Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent for
 A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
 My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
 Than those the places highest ! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— [*Exit Marcius.*]
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
 Call thither all the officers of the town,
 Where they shall know our mind : Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we are
 come off
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
 The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods,

⁶ — doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with these that wore them,] Instead of taking them as their
 lawful perquisite. MALONE.

Lead their successes as we wish our own⁷;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour⁸,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man⁹.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

⁷ — *The Roman gods,*

Lead their successes as we wish our own;] i. e. May the Roman gods, &c. MALONE.

⁸ — *confound an hour,*] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptance, but in the sense of—*to expend*. *Conterere tempus*. MALONE. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iii:

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour," &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *From every meaner man.*] That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is found in many places in these plays; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupulously attended to, Hammer and the subsequent editors who read here—*every meaner man's*, ought not in my apprehension to be followed, though we should now write so. MALONE.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward¹.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying², threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
'To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side³
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius.
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates⁴,

¹ — to bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

"Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward." STEEV.
Again, in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Leaping, upon a
full stomach, or to bedward, is very dangerous." MALONE.

² Ransoming him, or pitying,—] i. e. remitting his ransom. JOHNSON.

³ — on which side, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

"Martius asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was,
and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul
made him answer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward
of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be
the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to
any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set di-
rectly against them. The consul graunted him, great'y praying his
corage." STEEVENS.

⁴ — Antiates,] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean
veterans; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems
to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading.

"Set me against Aufidius, and his *Antiates*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope ⁵.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present ⁶; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd ⁷, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ⁸;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?

⁵ *Their very heart of hope.*] The same expression is found in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

— thy desperate arm

“Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope.”

MALONE.

⁶ *And that you not delay the present;—*] Delay for let slip. WARB.

⁷ — *swords advanc'd,*—] This is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *if any fear*

Lesser his person than an ill report;] The old copy has *lessen*. If the present reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, his person must mean his *personal danger*.—If any one less fears personal danger than an ill name, &c. If the fears of any man are less for his person, than they are from an apprehension of being esteemed a coward, &c. We have nearly the same sentiment in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

“That holds his honour higher than his ease,—”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour.”

In this play we have already had *lessen* used for *less*. See p. 147, n. 6.

MALONE.

If these shews be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volces? None of you, but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclin'd?

Com. March on, my fellows:
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the ports¹ be guarded: keep your duties,
 As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
 Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
 For a short holding: If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

⁹ *Please you to march,*

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd] Coriolanus may mean that as all the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a part of them, he will submit the selection to four indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the citie" STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four persons to select for his particular command or party, those who were best inclined; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service.

MASON.

¹ — the ports] i. e. the gates. STEEVENS.

Lart.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy²: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny³,
Thou should'st not scape me here —

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of
Aufidius.*]

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me⁴

In

² — *thy fame, and envy.*] *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*. See p. 33, n. 2. MALONE.

³ *Wert thou the Hector,*

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,] Dr. Johnson says, "that the Romans boasting themselves to be descended from the Trojans, the meaning may be, that Hector was the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks." This he considers as a very unusual construction; but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was possess'd of."

MALONE.

⁴ — *you have sham'd me*

In your condemned seconds.] For *condemned*, we may read *condemned*.

In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven by Marcius.*]

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee ^s o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,

temned. You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise.*

JOHNSON.
Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?* Mr. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds*; but the latter is right. So Lear: "No *seconds*? all myself?" STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play: "Now prove good *seconds*!" MALONE.

s If I should tell thee, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There the consul Cominius going vp to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddess for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him self sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes aboue all other, a goodly horse with a *capparison*, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generall commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." STEEVENS.

And,

And, gladly quak'd⁶, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,

Here is the steed, we the caparison⁷:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol⁸ her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country⁹:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act¹.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide our doings; and to silence that
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

⁶ And, gladly quak'd,] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To quake is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

“— We'll quake them at the bar

“Where all souls wait for sentence.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Here is the steed, we the caparison!] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON

⁸ — a charter to extol] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

⁹ — that's for my country:] The latter word is used here, as in other places, as a trisyllable. MALONE.

¹ He, that hath but effected his good will,

Hath overta'en mine act] That is, has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd. So, in *Macbeth*:

“The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,

“Unless the deed goes with it.” MALONE.

Com.

Com. Should they not²,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
 And tent themselves with death Of all the horses,
 (Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
 The treasure, in this field atchiev'd, and city,
 We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
 But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A bribe, to pay my sword; I do refuse it;
 And stand upon my common part with those
 That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus! Marcus! cast
 up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS,
 stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
 Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
 I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows soft
 As the parasite's silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars³! No more, I say!

For

² *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered.* JOHNSON.

³ — *When drums and trumpets shall*

*I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows soft
 As the parasite's silk, let him be made.*

An overture for the wars!] The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; [who for *courts* reads *camp*s;] and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns*; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

“ — when steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made

“ A *coverture* for the wars!”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.* TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation:

Sinon errasset, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has introduced a similar image in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

“ And in my temper softens my valour's steel.”

Overture,

For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli⁴, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus⁵.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish.* Trumpets sound, and drums.

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,

Overture, I have observed since this note was written, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is so used by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland.

Bullokar in his *Englsh Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: "An overturning; a sudden change." The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *suddenly converted* to the use of war.

We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Marcius means a *coat of mail*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,

"And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns?" MALONE.

⁴ For what he did, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "After this shewte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Corninius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these gifts we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him such a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth, he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination. STEEVENS.

⁵ The folio—*Marcius Caius Coriolanus*. STEEVENS.

To

To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power⁶.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best⁷, with whom we may articulate⁸,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house⁹ ; he us'd me kindly :
He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd ?

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind*. Deliver him, Titus.

⁶ *To undercrest your good addition,*

To the fairness of my power.] I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. *To undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest ; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

When two engage on equal terms, we say it is fair ; *fairness* may therefore be equality ; in proportion equal to my power. JOHNSON.

"To the fairness of my power"—is, as fairly as I can. MASON.

⁷ *The best*—] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

⁸ —*with whom we may articulate*,] i. e. enter into articles. This word occurs again in *K. Henry IV* : P. I.

"Indeed these things you have articulated."

i. e. set down article by article. So, in Holinshed's *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 163 : "The earl of Desmond's treasons articulated." STEEVENS.

⁹ *At a poor man's house* ;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch* : "Only this grace (said he) I crave, and beseeche you to grant me. Among the Volsces there is an olde friende and hoste of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who living before in great wealth in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his enemies : and yet notwithstanding all his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one danger : to keepe him from being solde as a slaue." STEEVENS.

* —*free, as is the wind*.] So, in *As you like it* :

"—I must have liberty,

"Withal, as large a charter as the wind." MALONE.

Lart,

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1. *Sol.* 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volce¹, be that I am.—Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

'P the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;

And would't do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where²

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way³;

Or

¹ *Being a Volce, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [*Volcian*]. I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:

Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition!

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

² —for where—] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

³ —I'll potch at him some way;] The *Revisal* reads *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STEEVENS.

Cole in his *DICTIONARY*, 1679, renders "to *pocke*," *fundum explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*. MALONE.

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd⁴,

With only suffering stain by him; for him⁵
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of the priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury⁶, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard⁷, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1. *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
I pray you,

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *poche* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." TOLLET.

⁴ *My valour's poison'd.*] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

— my valour, *poison'd*

With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall fly out of itself. TYRWHIT.

⁵ — *for him*

Shall fly out of itself.] To mischief him, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.*

Embarquements *all of fury.*] The word in the old copy is spelt *embarquements*, and as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. The rotten privilege and custom that follow, seem to favour this explanation; and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find

"To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer.*

"An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement.*

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has "to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon." There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargements*; but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

⁷ *At home, upon my brother's guard,—*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

(Tis

('Tis south the city mills⁸;) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the peace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1. *Sol.* I shall, sir.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they
love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you⁹, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

⁸ ('Tis south the city mills,) But where could Shakspeare have heard
of these mills at Antium? I believe we should read:

('Tis south the city a mile.)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, "where could Shakspeare have heard of
these mills at Antium?" may be answered by another question: Where
could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

"And as I ride upon this stode,

"On eche syde many a mylle stode,

"When nede was their graine and corne to grinde," &c.

Auncient Historie, &c. 1555. MALONE.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy
churchyard*. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like a *knell*;
and *drums*, and *Hob and Dick*, are with as little attention to time or
place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces these minute local descriptions, pro-
bably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"— underneath the grove of *sycamore*,

"That *westward* rooteth from the city's side."

Again:

"It was the nightingale, and not the lark,—

"Nightly she sings on *yon pomegranate tree*." MALONE.

⁹ Pray you, &c.] When the tribune, in reply to *Menenius's* remark,
on the people's hate of *Coriolanus*, had observed that even *beasts know
their friends*, *Menenius* asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that
there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the
people. JOHNSON.

1

Men.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in ¹, that you two have not an abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Bath. Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks ², and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome ³.

Sic.

¹ *In what enormity is Marcius poor in,*] Here we have another of our author's peculiarities of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain, having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

² *—towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

³ *—a brace of unmeriting—magistrates,—as any in Rome.*] This was the phraseology of Shakspere's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night⁴, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurguses*) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say⁵, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *als* in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your *bisson conspectuities*⁶ glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs⁷; you wear out a good⁸ wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foffet-seller; and then re-

passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of *at* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

4 — *one that converses more with the buttock of the night, &c.*] Rather a late lye down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour Lost*: "It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posterior* of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"—Thou art a summer bird,

"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sits

"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

5 I cannot say—] *Not*, which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 — *bisson conspectuities*,] *Bisson* (blind,) in the old copies, is *beefsome*: restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,

"With *bisson* rheum." MALONE.

7 — *for poor knaves' caps, and legs*—] That is, for their obeisance shewed by bowing to you. To make a *leg* was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. MALONE.

8 — *you wear out a good, &c.*] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

WARBURTON.

journ

journal the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience⁹; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians¹: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIGILIA, and VALERIA, and a crowd of people.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee²:—
Hoo!

⁹ — *set up the bloody flag against all patience,*] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

¹ — *herdsmen of—plebeians:*] As kings are called ποιμένες; λαόν.

JOHNSON.

² *Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:*] Dr. Warburton knew a little of his author as to propose reading—take my cap, Jupiter.

MALONE.

Shakspeare

Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen³ is but empiric-tick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no

Vol. O, he is wound-d, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius⁴: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

³ -- in Galen—] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 136, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

⁴ On's brows, Menenius:] Mr. Malon proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland: "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words,—“The wounds become him.” Menenius had asked—Brings the victory in his pocket? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his brows, for he comes the third time home brow-bound with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So, afterwards:

“He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,

“W. s brow bound with the oak.”

In *Julius Caesar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

“*Cas.* No, it is Calca; one incorporate

“To our attempts—Am I not slain for, Cinna?

“*Cin.* I am glad on't”

i. e. I am glad that Calca is incorporate, &c. MALONE.

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. Malon might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. MALONE.

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this⁵?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in his action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! *To the Tribunes.* Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place: He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know⁶.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;

⁵ — possess'd of this?] *Possess'd*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

⁶ — seven hurts in the body.

Men. *One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know*] “Seven, one, and two,” says Dr. Warburton, “and these make but nine!” To assist Menenius therefore in his arithmetick, he reads, “one in the neck, and *one too* in the thigh!” It is not without reluctance that I encumber my page by even mentioning such capricious innovations; but I am sometimes obliged to do so, to introduce the true explanation of passages. MALONE.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? Let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay I am sure they are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.

Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines⁷; and then men die.

A Senate. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus⁸:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail⁹!

Would't

⁷ Which being advanc'd, declines,] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *Coriolanus*] The old copy—*Martius Caius Coriolanus*. STEEV. The compositor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Martius Caius* from the preceding line, where also in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidentally transposed. The correction in the former line were made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁹ My gracious silence hail!] By my gracious silence, I believe, the poet meant, thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest! So, Crashaw.

"Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!"

"Their cadence is rhetorical."

Again, in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A lady's tears are silent orators,

"Or should be so at least, to move beyond

"The honey-tongued rhetorician."

Again, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*; 1599:

"Ah beauty, lyren, fair enchanting good!

"Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes!

"Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

"More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!" STEEVENS.

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To Valeria.]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right¹.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours: [to his wife and mother.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours².

I believe "*My gracious silence*," only means "*My brauteous silence*,"
or "*my silent Grace*." *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning
formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"But being sealon'd with a *gracious* voice."

Again, in *King John*:

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:—"he is the most exquisite in
forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of
skinner, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious*
by torchlight." MALONE.

¹ *Com.* Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.] Rather, I think.

Com. Ever right Menenius.

Cor. Ever, ever.

Cominius means to say that—Menenius is *always the same*; retains
his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, A& V. sc. i. upon a speech from
Cassius Antony only says, "*Old Cassius still*." TYRWHITT.

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe, Coriolanus
means to say—Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly.
So, in *Julius Cæsar*:—"—for *always* I am *Cæsar*." MALONE

² But, with them, change of honours.] *Variety of honours*; as change
of rayment, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of ray-*
ment. WARBURTON.

Vol.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy : only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish.* Cornets.

[*Exeunt in state; as before. The Tribunes come forward.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him : Your prating nurse
Into a rapture³ lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin⁴ pins

³ *Into a rapture*—] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rapt*, signified, *to be in a fit*. WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a rapture means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it.

S. W.

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a fit in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any dictionary previous to Cole's Latin dictionary, quarto, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets *a trance*. However, the rule—*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*—certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we all the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged.—Drayton speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were "all air and fire."

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signify ravings:

"—her brainsick *raptures*

"Cannot distaste the goodnets of a quarrel." MALONE.

⁴ —*the kitchen malkin*—] A malkin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench. HANMER.

Malkin in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. P.

Minshew gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it "an instrument to clean an oven,—now made of old clowtes." The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary—"MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,"—is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, as *scullion*, another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*. MALONE.

After the Morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

"Put on the shape of order and humanity,

"Or you must marry *Malkin, the May-Lady*." STEEVENS.

Her

Her richest lockram⁵ 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens⁶
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station^{*}: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks⁷, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god⁸, who leads him,

Were

⁵ *Her richest lockram, &c.*] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says: "His ruffe of fine *lockram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue." Again, in Glaphorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

"Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,

"I had no wit." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *seld-shown flamens*—] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"O *seld-seen metamorphosis*"

Seld is often used by antient writers for *seldom*. STEEVENS.

^{*} — *a vulgar station*—] A station among the rabble. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"A vulgar comment will be made of it." MALONE.

⁷ *Commit the war of white and damask, in*

Their nicely gawded cheeks,] Dr. Waiburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*ware*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roses contending with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,

"Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

Again, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

"Such *war* of white and red," &c.

Again, in *Dometas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Amidst her cheek the rose and lilly *strive*." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,

"How *white* and *red* each other did destroy" MALONE.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

"— her cheeks,

"Where roses mix: no civil-war

"Between her York and Lancaster" FARMER.

⁸ *As if that whatsoever god, &c.*] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet:

"Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,

"Points on me *graciously* with fair aspect."

Again,

Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end⁹; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, from whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't¹.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market place, nor on him put
The napless vesture² of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"— he hath fought to die,

"As if a god in hate of mankind had

"Destroyed in such a shape." MALONE.

⁹ From where he should begin, and end;] Perhaps it should be read:

From where he should begin t'an end.— JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously,
he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin
to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the ending as well
as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude
his journey, from the spot where he should begin, and to the spot where
he should end. I have no doubt that the text is right.

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *Cymbeline*,
where we find exactly the same phraseology:

"—— the gap

"That we shall make in time, from our hence going

"AND our return, to excuse."

where the modern editors read—*Till* our return. MALONE.

¹ As he is proud to do't.] Proud to do, is the same as, proud of doing.
JOHNSON.

As means here, as that. MALONE.

² The napless vesture] The players read—the Naples,— STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakspeare means
thread-bare. So, in *K. Henry VI* P. II. "Geo. I tell thee, Jack
Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and
set a new nap upon it. John. So he had need; for 'tis *thread-bare*."

Plutarch's words are, "with a *poore* gowne on their backs. See p.
182, n. 8. MALONE.

To

To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction³.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war⁴; who have their provand⁵
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people⁶, (which time shall not want,

If

³ *It shall be to him then, as our good wills;*

A sure destruction.] It shall be to him of the same nature as our disposition towards him; *deadly.* MALONE.

⁴ *Than camels in their war;]* Their war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote—in the war. MALONE.

⁵ — *their provand—]* So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loanne, to find them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again, in Hakevil on the *Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect. 1: "—At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold, that the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided with hachets, &c." Again, in *Pasquil's Nightcap*, &c. 1623:

"Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,

"Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, *provender*.
STEVENS.

⁶ *Shall teach the people,]* Thus the old copy. "When his soaring insolence shall *teach* the people," may mean,—When he with the insolence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their rulers.

If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire?⁷
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mef. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs⁸ and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,⁹
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers¹, to lay cushions.

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many
stand for consulships?

2. *Off.*

rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think without necessity,—shall reach the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

7 —will be his fire—] Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

8 Matrons flung gloves—

Ladies—their scarfs—] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes, when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to fling a scarf or glove "upon him as he pass'd." MALONE.

9 —carry with us ears and eyes, &c.] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.

JOHNSON.

1 Enter two officers, &c.—] The old copy reads: "Enter two officers to lay cushions, as it were, in the capitol." STEEVENS.

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he wou'd² indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite³. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those⁴, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report⁵: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the capital could be given. See the *Account of our old theatres*, Vol I. MALONE.

² *he wou'd*—] That is, *he would wou'd indifferently*. JOHNSON.

³ — *their opposite*] That is, their adversary. MALONE.

⁴ — *as those*—] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

⁵ — *who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report*: I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *leave*. Bonnetted, i. e. I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to inlinate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have* them, for to have themselves or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh; but to *leave* themselves, &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

Bonnetted, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave. STEEVENS.

1. *Off.*

1. *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Liſtors before them, COMINIUS the Conſul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs alſo by themſelves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To ſend for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble ſervice, that Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, pleaſe you, Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire The preſent conſul, and laſt general In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We met here, both to thank⁶, and to remember With honours like himſelf.

1. *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length; and make us think, Rather our ſtate's defective for requital, Than we to ſtretch it out⁷. Maſters o' the people, We do requeſt your kindeſt ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body⁸, To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleaſing treaty; and have hearts Inclenable to honour and advance The theme of our aſſembly⁹.

Bru

⁶ — whom

We met here, both to thank, &c.] The conſtruction, I think, is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpoſe of thanking whom) we met or aſſembled here. MALONE.

⁷ — and make us think,

Rather our ſtate's defective for requital, Than we to ſtretch it out.] I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the ſtate rather wants inclination or ability to requite his ſervices, than that we are blameable for expending and expatiating upon them. A more ſimple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his ſervices. MALONE.

⁸ *Your loving motion toward the common body,]* Your kind interpoſition with the common people. JOHNSON.

⁹ *The theme of our aſſembly.]* Here is a fault in the expreſſion: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I ſhould have adjudged.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off¹;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1. *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not²: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,

ed it to his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your assembly*. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italia Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house. **WARBURTON.**

Had Shakspeare been as learned as his commentator, he could not have conducted this scene otherwise than as it stands. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius was necessary: and how was our author to have exhibited the outside and inside of the senate-house at one and the same instant? **STEEVENS.**

He certainly could not. Yet he has attempted something of the same kind in *King Henry VIII.* **MALONE**

¹ *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.

JOHNSON.

² *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *sooth'd* reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors. **MALONE.**

When

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit CORIOLANUS.*]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter³,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome⁴, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin⁵ he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prefs'd Roman⁶, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,

³ —*how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

⁴ *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republic. MALONE.

⁵ —*his amazonian chin*—] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the third folio. MALONE.

⁶ —*he bestrid*

An o'er-prefs'd Roman,] This was an action of singular friendship in our old English armies; but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been, "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. MALONE.

When

When he might act the woman in the scene ⁷,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since ⁸,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland ⁹. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem ¹: his sword (death's stamp)

Where

⁷ *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

⁸ *And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,*—] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, shewed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battells." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years. MALONE.

⁹ *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*] To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*. So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Tho. Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with the bawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurched*." MALONE.

I suspect I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch* in Shakspeare's time signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco marxo*. A maiden set, or lurch, at any game." See also Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria*."

"To lurch all swords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority. MALONE.

Ben Jonson has the same expression in the *Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

¹ — *as weeds before*

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,

And fell below his stem:] The editor of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, for Coriolanus, for "*sit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panning*: but

Where it did mark, it took²; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries³: alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate⁴ o' the city, which he painted
 With shunlefs destiny; aidlefs came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet; Now all's his:
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quick'en'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never flood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours⁵
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world: he covets less
 Than misery itself would give⁶; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content

but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rufhes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived.

A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,

"Fall down before him, like the mower's swath." MALONE.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil*:

"Orontes' bark—

"From *stem* to *stern* by waves was over-borne." STEEVENS.

² *Where it did mark, it took;* In the old copy there is no point after the word *took*, and a colon at the end of this line. The true punctuation was suggested by Mr Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

³ — every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries:] The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as musick and a dancer accompany each other.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *The mortal gate—*] The gate that was made the scene of death.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *He cannot but with measure fit the honours—*] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Than misery itself would give;*] *Misery* for avarice; because a miser signifies an avaricious man. WARBURTON.

To

To spend the time, to end it ⁷.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people ⁸.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

⁷ ——— and is content

To spend the time to end it.] I know not whether my conceit will
be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote
thus:

—— he rewards

His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend his time, to spend it.

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the
sake of spending it JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration.

MALONE.

⁸ *It then remains,*

That you do speak to the people.] Dr. Waiburton observes, that
at this time both the consuls were chosen by the Senate, and that it
was not till 131 years afterwards that *one* of them was elected by the
people. But the inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but
to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his life of Coriolanus, that "it
was the custome of Rome *at that time*, that such as dyd sue for any
office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with
a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to
praye the people to remember them at the day of election." North's trans-
lation, p. 244. MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Shew them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them⁹;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* Then *Exeunt* Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place.
I know, they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once¹, if he do require our voices, we ought not
to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

⁹ *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*

*Our purpose to them.] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to
recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for
their approbation; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consul-
ship. MALONE.*

¹ *Once,] Once here means the same as when we say, once for all.*

WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in the *Supposes* by Gascoigne:

"Once, twenty-four ducatties he cost me." FARMER.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe it means,
"if he do but so much as require our voices;" as in the following pas-
sage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "—they left many of their servants and
men of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for
their standards. MALONE.

3. *Cit.*

3. *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do²: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the corn³, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude⁴.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn⁵, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of the skull⁶, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts

² *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:]* Power first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

“Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,

“That gave thee power to do.”—JOHNSON.

3 — *for once we stood up about the corn,]* That is, *as soon as ever we stood up*. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace. “Once the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed.” Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—for once, *when we stood up*, &c. MALONE.

4 — *many-headed multitude.]* Hanmer reads, *many headed monsters* but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness*.

5 — *some auburn,]* The folio reads, *some Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram* coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

6 — *if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, &c.]* Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. WARBURTON.

melted

melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there never was a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes, He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have don't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your breth'ren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em?

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them?

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces.

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

7 *I wish they would forget me, like the virtues,
Which our divines lose by them.]* i. e. I wish they would forget me
as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them,
and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice.

THEOBALD.

1. *Cit.*

1. *Cit.* We do, fir; tell us what hath brought you to't.
Cor. Mine own desert.

2. *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire⁸.

1. *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, fir: 'Twas never my desire yet
 To trouble the poor with begging.

1. *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we
 hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1. *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
 Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, fir;
 What say you!

2. *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy fir.

Cor. A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy voices
 begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1. *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2. *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your
 voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary
 gown.

1. *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and
 you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1. *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you
 have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved
 the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I
 have not been common in my love. I will, fir, flatter my
 sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of

⁸ — not mine own desire.] The old copy has—but mine own desire. The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. But and not are often confounded in these plays.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, from the reluctance which I always feel to depart from the original copy, I have suffered not to remain; and have endeavoured to explain the words as they stand; but I am now convinced that I ought to have printed—

“By earth, she is but corporal; there you lie.” MALONE.

them;

them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁹ with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!]*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve,

Than crave the hire¹ which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here²,

To

⁹ *I will not seal your knowledge—*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *the hire—*] The old copy has *higher*, and this is one of the many proofs, that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another. MALONE.

² *Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,*] I suppose the meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems also to think, by the common expression.—“a wolf in sheep's cloathing.” Mr. Mason says, that this is “a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such.” I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakespeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

“O fye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*.”

The *woolvish toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

Woolvish cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless*.

The

To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,
 Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:—
 What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we find “*tongued consuls*,” for *toged consuls*.—The particle *in* shews that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy. MALONE.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I could wish to treat with my usual ferocity*? We may perhaps more distinctly read:

—with this woolvish tongue,

unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Shakspeare, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga birrula* was, because he had just before called it the *naples* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in “*A Merye Jest of a Man called Hewleglas*,” bl. l. no date. *Hewleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who “caste unto him a husbunde mans gowne, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up—Than cut *Hewleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the master, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*.” By a *woolvish* gown, therefore, (if *gown* be the true reading) Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the dress of a Roman candidate to the coarse frock of a ploughman, who exposes himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

3 To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
 Their needless vouches.] Why stand I here,—to beg o' Hob and Dick,
 and such others as make their appearance here, their unnecessary voices?
 JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minshew's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAIN, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time. “*A QUINTAINE* or *QUINTELLE*, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, Dic, Hob, and Will, strive for the gay garland.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six *
I have seen, and heard of ; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more : your voices :
Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul : The gods give him
joy, and make him good friend to the people !

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul !

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

Re enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation ; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice : Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done ?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people

Sic. Fare you well [Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.]

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

* *Battles thrice six, &c.* Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulship : perhaps we may better read :

— battles thrice six

I've seen, and you have heard of ; for your voices
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

Re-enter

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3. *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in
private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*⁵,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't⁶?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

⁵ —*aged custom*.] This is a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 187, n. 4.; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 184, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ —ignorant to see't?] Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it. JOHNSON.

I' the

T' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
 A place of potency ⁷, and sway o' the state,
 If he should still malignantly remain
 Fast foe to the plebeii, your voice might
 Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,
 That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
 Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
 Would think upon you ⁸ for your voices, and
 Translate his malice towards you into love,
 Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
 And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
 Either his gracious promise, which you might,
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
 Or else it would have gall'd his furlly nature,
 Which easily endures not article
 Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt ⁹,
 When he did need your loves; and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
 No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
 Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues ¹?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

⁷ — arriving

A place of potency,] Thus the o'd copy, and rightly. So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iii:

"—those powers that the queen

"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Would think upon you—*] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

⁹ — free contempt,] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Your su'd-for tongues.*] Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—*Your sued-for tongues*, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *so many* make *suit* to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,—
They have chosen a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are so often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride ²,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed ;
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance ³,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections : and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, darling of the people ⁴,

And

² — *Enforce his pride,*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

³ — *his present portance,*] *i. e.* carriage. So, in *Othello* :

“ And portance in my travel's history ” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And Censorinus, darling of the people.*] This verse I have supplied ;
a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one

And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor⁵.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past⁶,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on⁷:

one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus : " The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprung many noble personages : whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numa's daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."—Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Marc'us Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 300 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology ? See a former note, p. 150. MALONE.

⁵ And Censorinus—

Was his great ancestor.] Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his ancestors and of his posterity, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon :

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas—*

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these; Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Archembald earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON

⁷ — *by our putting on :*] By our instigation. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

— as putter on

“ Of these exactions.”— MALONE.

K 2

And

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election.

[*Several speak.*
[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer⁸
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;
We will be there before the stream o' the people⁹;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our twister composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but at the first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul*, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

⁸ — observe and answer

[*The vantage of his anger.*] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

⁹ — the stream of the people;] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — The rich stream

“ Of lords and ladies having brought the queen

“ To a prepar'd place in the choir,” &c. MALONE

* — lord consul,] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of the state who were not peers; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c. MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To Lartius.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,¹
Against all noble sufferance,

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1. Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

¹ — prank them in authority,] *Plume, deck, dignify themselves.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Drest in a little brief authority." STEEVENS.

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?²
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since³?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours⁴.

Cor. When then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that⁵,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome⁶; nor has Coriolanus

² — *why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

³ — *since.*] The old copy—*since*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Not unlike,*

Each way, to better yours.] *i. e.* likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:

Why then should I be consul? WARBURTON.

⁵ *Sic. You shew too much of that, &c.*] This speech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ — *This palt'ring*

Becomes not Rome:] That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling.

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

"That palter with us in a double sense." Macbeth. JOHNSON.

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely?
 I the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1. Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
 I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves⁸: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion⁹, insolence, Yedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1. Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels¹,

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well

We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

7 — rub, laid falsely, &c.] *Falsly* for *treacherously*. JOHNSON.

The metaphor is from the bowling green. MALONE.

8 — let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves.

JOHNSON.

9 *The cockle of rebellion,*—] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from sir Tho. North's translation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed and *cockle* of insolvency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people," &c. STEEVENS.

1 — *those meazels*] *Mezell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper. The same word frequently occurs in the *London Predigal*, 1605.

STEEVENS.

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows²? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon³.

Cor. *Shall*?

O good, but most unwise patricians⁴, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer
That with his peremptory *shall*, being put
The horn and noise⁵ o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he has power,
Then vail your ignorance⁶: if none awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,

² — minnows?] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a pink. JOHNSON.

³ 'Twas from the canon] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

⁴ O good, but most unwise patricians,] The old copy has—O God, but &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, "when the old authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?"—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it in the present edition, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "O Gods," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but O God, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "*good but unwise*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave and reckless* in the subsequent line. On a re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

⁵ The horn and noise.—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

⁶ Then vail your ignorance;—] If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him. JOHNSON.

When,

When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs ⁷. They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *ball*,
 His popular *ball*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes ⁸,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel ⁹, to give forth

⁷ — *You are plebeians,*

If they be senators; and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates theirs] I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate.

Dr. Johnson would read—*Must* palate theirs. “When the *taste* of the great, the patricians, *must* *palate*, *must* *please* [or *must* *try*] that of the plebeians” MALONE.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.* STEEV.

⁸ — *and my soul akes,*] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Whoever gave that counsel, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “Therefore, sayd he, they that gave counsel, and persuaded that the Corne should be given out to the common people *gratis*, as they vied to doe in cities of Greece, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourish their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the utter ruine and overthrow of the whole state. For they will not thinke it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they haue so ofte refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, wherby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers have preferred vnto them, and they haue receiued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still growe worse and worse; and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribune-shippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consullshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the citie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but become hitherto membered in two factions, which mainteines alwayes ciuill dissension and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer vs againe to be vnted into one bodie.” STEEVENS.

The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power.)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons.

More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates¹: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native²
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied³ digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more⁴:

¹ *They would not thread the gates:*] That is, *pass* them. We yet
say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

² — *could never be the native*—] *Native* is *natural parent*, or *cause*
of birth. JOHNSON.

So, in a kindred sense, in *K. Henry V.*

“A many of our bodies shall no doubt

“Find *native* graves” MALONE.

³ — *this bosom multiplied*—] This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom
o' that great monster, the people. MALONE

⁴ *No, take more: &c.*] The sense is, No, let me add this further;
and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath,
bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their
head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c.
See Briffon de *formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
 Where one part⁵ does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of't⁶; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physick⁷
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment⁸, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it⁹;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,

⁵ *Where one part*—] In the old copy we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁶ *That love the fundamental part of state*.

More than you doubt the change of't;] *To doubt* is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

⁷ *To jump a body*—] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read: *To vamp*—*To jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion*. So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219. "If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jump*, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

From this passage in *Pliny*, it should seem that "*to jump a body*," meant to *risk* a body; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"We'd *jump* the life to come."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii.

"——our fortune lies

"Upon this *jump*." MALONE.

⁸ *Mangles true judgment*,] *Judgment* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Of that integrity which should become it*;] *Integrity*'s in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. *To become*, is to *suit*, to *best*. JOHNSON.

For

For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet¹,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments².

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*]

2. Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

¹ *Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,*] Let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.

MALONE.

² — *shake thy bones*

Out of thy garments.] So, in *K. John*:

" — here's a stay,

" That *shakes the rotten carcase* of old death

" *Out of his rage!*" STEEVENS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people³,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace.—Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1. Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were established
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

³ To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—] I would read:

Speak to the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Mason would point:

Confusion's near; I cannot—Speak you, tribunes,
To the people.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.

Men.

Men. Hear me one word.

Befeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous ⁴
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. *[drawing his sword.]*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people, are beat in.]

Men. Go, get you to your house ⁵; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast ⁶;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1. Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

⁴ — *very poisonous,*] I read:—*are very poisons.* JOHNSON.

⁵ — *get you to your house.*] Old Copy—*our house.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. So below:

"I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house." MALONE.

⁶ *Cor. Stand fast; &c.*] In the old copy several of the speeches here are attributed to wrong persons. The present speech is given to Cominius, instead of Coriolanus, as that below, "Come, sir, along with us," is given to Coriolanus, instead of Cominius. Dr. Warburton pointed out the former error. The two speeches of Coriolanus and Menenius afterwards—"I would they were barbarians,"—and "Be gone," &c. in the old copy form but one speech, of which Menenius is the speaker. The present regulation of that speech was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men. Begone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another⁷.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tri-
bunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return⁸? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.]
Here's goodly work!

2. Pat. I would they were a-bed!

⁷ *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time*: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be, *One time will compensate for another*. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity. MALONE.

⁸ *Before the tag return?*—] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are denominated by those a little above them, *tag*, *rag*, and *bitail*. JOHNSON.

Men.

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1. *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't⁹.

[*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir, fir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock², where you should but hunt

With

⁹ *He shall, sure on't.*] The meaning of these words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He shall, that's sure. I am inclined to think that the same error has happened here and in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *sure* is printed instead of *fore*. He shall suffer for it, he shall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the second folio reads—He shall *sure out*; and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any question concerning the expulsion of Coriolanus. What is now proposed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is absurd therefore that the rabble should by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had said, propose a punishment he has not so much as mentioned, and which, when he does *afterwards* mention it, he disproves of:

“ — to *eye* him hence

“ Were but one danger.”

I have therefore let the old copy undisturbed. MALONE.

¹ *Do not cry, havock,*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.] *To cry havock*, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hase*, which, in Saxon signifies a *hare*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *K. John*:

“ — Cry *havock*, kings.”

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Cry *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.”

It

With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have ~~help~~ to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak :—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children ² is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,

It seems to have been the signal for the general slaughter, and is expressly
forbid in the *Ordonnances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

"Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *hauk* sur peine d'avoir la teste
coupee.

The second article of the same *Ordonnances* seems to have been fatal to
Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix* of little price.

"Item que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni
le vessel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre traidez & pendu, et la teste avoir
coupee." M. S. Cotton. Nero D. VI. TYRWHITT.

² Towards her deserved children—] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, *de-*
lighted for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,"—MALONE.

A brand

A brand to the end o' the word.

Sic. This is clean kam³.

Bru. Merely awry⁴: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was⁵;—

Bru. We'll hear no more:
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftnefs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is below'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have you not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

³ *This is clean kam.*] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepail, All goes clean kam.* Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

"The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled."

STEEVENSON.

⁴ *Merely awry:*] *Merely* is absolutely. MALONE.

⁵ — *is not then respected*

For what before it was;—] You alledge, says Menenius, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened—"Is this just?" Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood.

MALONE.

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him ⁶
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning ⁷.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Matters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you
there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators,*] He must
come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1. *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ⁸;

Or

⁶ — *to bring him*—] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the Mf. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ — *the end of it*

Unknown to the beginning.] So, in the *Tempest*, Act II. sc. i:

"The latter end of the commonwealth forgets the beginning."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;*] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince. MALONE.

When

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1. *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse⁹, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance¹ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [To Vol.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

When I wrote this note the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory:

"Haud procul inde citæ Mettium in diversa quadrigæ

"Distulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)

"Raptabatque viri mendacis vitæcera Tullus

"Per sylvam; et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres."

Æn. VIII. 644.

However, as Shakespeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts: (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth:) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republic, except in this single instance.

"Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in curru earum discentum illigat Mettium. Deinde in diversum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quæ inhæserant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertère omnes a tantâ scæditate spectacula oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit: in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium minores placuisse pœnas." *Liv.* lib. I. xxviii. MALONE.

9 *Muse*,] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss*. JOHNSON.

1 — *my ordinance*—] *My rank*. JOHNSON.

Vol.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions², if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough ;

You must return, and mend it.

1. Sen. There's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd :

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :

Before he should thus stoop to the herd³, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to the tribunes

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke

Cor. For them ?—I cannot do it to the gods :
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute ;

Though therein you can never be too noble,

² *The thwartings of your dispositions.*] The folio reads—*The things*
of your disposition. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who
improved on Mr. Rowe's correction—

The things that thwart your dispositions.

Some of the letters probably dropped out at the press, and the com-
positor afterwards restored the word by conjecture, and produced *things*.

MALONE.

³ —*stoop to the herd,*] The old copy has—to the heart. The emen-
dation, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. So before :

"You shames of Rome! you herd of—"

Again: "Are these your herd?"

Herd was anciently spelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy.

MALONE.

But when extremities speak ⁴, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this ⁵?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you ⁶,
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth ⁷.

Now,

⁴ — *You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.*] Except in cases of urgent necessity,
when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other
times, ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.

⁵ *Why force you—*] Why urge you. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“If you will now unite in your complaints,

“And force them with a constancy—.” MALONE

⁶ *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,*] Perhaps the
meaning is, which your heart prompts you *to*. We have many such
elliptical expressions in these plays. See p. 111, n. 8. So, in *Julius*
Cæsar:

“Thy honourable metal may be wrought

“From what it is dispos'd [to].

But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the
theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests *to* you;
which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter furnishes the player
with the words that have escaped his memory. So afterwards: “Come,
come, we'll prompt you.” The editor of the second folio, who was
entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads—prompt
you *to*, and so all the subsequent copies read. MALONE.

⁷ — *bastards, and syllables*

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.] I read: “of no alliance;”
therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning
legal right, established rank, or settled authority. JOHNSON.

Allowance is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, Act II. sc. i:

“—his pilot

“Of every expert and approv'd *allowance*.” STEEVENS.

I at

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town⁸ with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune; and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My misfortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles⁹;
And you will rather shew our general lowts¹
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want² might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,
Not what³ is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand⁴;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance, i. e. approbation, to your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is—though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, "and syllables of no allowance," are put in apposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

⁸ *Than to take in a town*—] To subdue or destroy. See p. 143, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ — *I am in this*

Your wife, your son: the senators, the nobles;] *I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son.* JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, *In this advice, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are at stake.* MALONE.

¹ — *our general lowts* —] *Our common clowns.* JOHNSON.

² — *that want* —] *The want of their loves.* JOHNSON.

³ *Not what* —] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *with this bonnet in thy hand;*] Surely our author wrote—with thy bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

That

That will not hold the handling^s: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,

Hast

^s Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now bumble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling:] Thus the old copy; and I am
persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a
similar kind of phraseology being found in the other plays. Which, &c.
is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—It often,
&c. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“—Thy son-in-law,

“And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *K. John*:

“—he that wins of all,

“Of kings and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—

“Who having no external thing to lose

“But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.”

In the former of these passages, “*whom* heavens directing,” is to be
understood as if Shakspeare had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum
deo ducente*;) and in the latter, “*who* having” has the import of *They*
having. *Nil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus.*

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having
been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage be-
comes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our au-
thor; for in Raignold's *Lyves of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5. b.
I find the same construction: “—as Pompey was passing in a small
boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kyng Ptolemey, he was by his
commandement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and A-
chilla, *who* hoping by killing of him to purchase the friendship of
Cæsar—Who now being come unto the shoare, and entering Alexan-
dria, had sodainly presented unto him the head of Pompey the
great,” &c.

Again, in *The Continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543, Signat.
M m. ji. “And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Sa-
lisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke bring
accompanied with great strength of Welshmen, whom he had en-
forced thereunto, and cohorted more by lordly commandment than by
liberal wages and hire: *whiche* thynge was in deede the cause that thei
fell from hym and forsoke him. Wherefore he,” &c. MALONE.

Mr. Maion says, that there is no verb in the sentence, and therefore
it must be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and the sentence, not more abrupt
than many others in these plays. Go to the people, says Volumnia,
and appear before them in a supplicating attitude,—with thy bonnet in
thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in such cases action is elo-
quence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (such as
those that I now make,) subduing thy stout heart, which now should
be as humble as the ripest mulberry: or, if these silent gestures of sup-
plication do not move them, add words, and say to them, &c.

Dr. Warburton, for *head*, substitutes *hand*, and instead of *often* reads
soften. “Do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution (says
he,) prescribe the waving of the *head*, when they talk of action?”
Whoever

Hast
Were
In all
Thy
As th
Me
Even
For th
As w
Vo
Go, a
Follow
Than

Com
You m

Whoever
when a
fectly se
No en

Dr. W
Head or
head is s
hand, bu
be laid or

W
That is,
sight, an
Shakspe

I have for

(V
No
—humb
drops from
Æschyl
ATTPA, p
softer than
A

6 — an
Hast

“An

“M
Vol.

Hast not the soft way ⁶, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself

Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy head."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be necessary in these lines

MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's correction is ingenious, but I think, not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

—waving thy head

With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking thy breast*. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

"And thrice his head waving thus, up and down." STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought this passage might originally have stood thus:

—waving thy head,

(Which *bumble* thus;) correcting thy stout heart,

Now *softened* as the ripest mulberry. TYRWHIT.

—*bumble as the ripest mulberry*,] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his $\Phi\text{PYT}\epsilon\epsilon\ \eta\ \text{EKTOP}\epsilon\text{S}\ \text{ATTPA}$, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector, that he was softer than mulberries.

$\text{A}\nu\tau\acute{o}\ \delta'\ \epsilon\kappa\epsilon\iota\ \circ\ \eta\nu\ \omega\epsilon\pi\alpha\iota\tau\epsilon\tau\ \mu\acute{\iota}\gamma\omega\nu.$ MUSGRAVE.

⁶ —and, being bred in broils,

Hast not the soft way—] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):

"—Rude am I in my speech,

"And little blest'd with the soft phrase of peace;—

"And little of this great world can I speak,

"More than pertains to feats of broils and battles." MALONE.

VOL. X.

L

By

By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce⁷? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot⁸ to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never^{*}
I shall discharge to the life.

7 — my unbarb'd sconce?] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

Unbarbed, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“*Grim.* — you are so clean a young man.

“*Ros.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

“*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

“*Ros.* I know him not; is he a deaf *barber*?”

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*:

“The sloping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field.”

Unbarbed may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fanty* (speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says:

“*Barby'd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne” STEEV.

8 — *single plot*—] i. e. piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARBURTON.

* — *such a part, which never, &c.*] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“— he would avoid *such* bitter taunts

“*Which* in the time of death he gave our father.”

Again, in the present scene:

“But with *such* words *that* are but rotes,” &c.

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which the third part of *K. Henry VI.* was founded, reads—*As* in the time of death. The word *as* has been substituted for *which* by the modern editors in the passage before us.

Again, in Act V. sc. iv.

“—— the benefit

“Which thou shalt thereby reap, is *such* a name,

“*Whose* repetition will be dogg'd with curses.”

i. e. the repetition of which—

Again, in Act V. sc. iii.

“— no, not with *such* friends,

“*That* thought them sure of you.” MALONE.

Com.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before ⁹.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum ¹, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks ²; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Left I surcease to honour mine own truth ³,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ⁴; for I mock at death
With a big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride ⁵ thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd

⁹ —perform a part

Thou hast not done before.] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll prompt you.

MALONE.

¹ Which quired with my drum,] Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

² Tent in my cheeks;—] To tent is to take up residence. JOHNSON.

³ —to honour mine own truth,

Πάλλον δὲ μάλις αἰσχύνομαι αὐτόν. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

⁴ —let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness;] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.

JOHNSON.

⁵ But owe thy pride—] That is, own thy pride. MALONE.

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

Exit.

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have: 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either

For

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause ⁶.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction ⁷: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ⁸; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck ⁹.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ossler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume ¹.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

⁶ — *i' the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read:

— *o'er the truth of the cause.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — *and to have his worth*

Of contradiction:] The modern editors substituted *word*; but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been us'd to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“— You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.” MALONE.

⁸ *Be rein'd again to temperance;*] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Colleanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “holding in hyr haund a bitt of an horse.” TOLLET.

⁹ — *which looks*

With us to break his neck.] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck.* JOHNSON.

¹ *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

Supply'd

Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
 'Throng our large temples ² with the shews of peace,
 And not our streets with war!

1. *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
 Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
 The warlike service he has done, consider;
 'I hink upon the wounds his body bears,
 Which shew like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
 That when he speaks not like a citizen,
 You find him like a soldier: Do not take
 His rougher accents ³ for malicious sounds,
 But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
 Rather than envy you ⁴.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
 That being past for consul with full voice,
 I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour

² Throng *our large temples*.—] The old copy reads—*Through our*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shews of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

³ *His rougher accents*.—] The old copy reads—*actions*. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

His rougher accents are the harsh terms that he uses. MALONE.

⁴ *Rather than envy you*.] Rather than import ill will to you. See P. 33, n. 1. MALONE.

You

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office^s, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and such capital kind
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, slaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has

^s —season'd office—] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

(As

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people⁶; seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last⁷
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence⁸
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
 And in the power of the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
 I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentence'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome⁹,
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate¹, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins: then if I would
 Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,

⁶ Envy'd against the people.] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

⁷ — as now at last,] Read rather:

— has now at last. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as*, in this instance has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁸ — not in the presence] Not stands again for not only. JOHNSON.

It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8.

“He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man but God, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — and can shew from Rome,—] He either means, that his wounds were got out of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for Rome*; and supports his emendation of these passages:

“To banish him that struck more blows *for Rome*,” &c.

Again:

“Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for Rome*,—”

MALONE.

¹ My dear wife's estimate,—] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. JOHNSON.

As enemy to the people, and his country :
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs² ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you³ ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders : till at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels⁴),

L 5

Making

² *You common cry of curs!* Cry here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play :

“ —You have made good work,

“ You, and your cry.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634 :

“ I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

“ To a deep cry of dogs ” MALONE.

³ *I banish you ;* So, in Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580 : “ When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had *banished* him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them*.”

Our poet has again the same thought in *King Richard II.*

“ Think not, the king did banish thee,

“ But thou the king ” MALONE.

⁴ — *Have the power still*

To banish your defenders ; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels.) &c.] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can feel*. It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

“ The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *LECTURES ON HISTORY*, quarto, 1776.) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression.”—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischief likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of “ *Making but reservation of yourselves,*” which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, “ *Making not reservation of yourselves,*” which agrees with the subsequent words.—“ *Still your own*

Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives⁵, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
 Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
 Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:
 The gods preserve the noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
 COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell;—the beast
 With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
 Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd

own foes," and with the general purport of the speech: which is, to shew that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republic without *any* reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives of some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "*still their own foes*." These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 188, n. 8. MALONE.

⁵ Abated captives.] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirits. So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud." i. e.

Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

Abated has the same power as the French *abattu*. STEEVENS.

To say, extremities were the trier of spirits ;
 That common chances common men could bear ;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating : fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
 A noble cunning⁶ : you were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
 And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not ; adieu :—Farewel, my wife ! my mother !
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond⁷ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace : and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught

⁶ — fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning :] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently wounded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON.

⁷ *'Tis fond—*] i. e. foolish STEEVENS.

With

With cautious baits and practice ⁸.

Vol. My first son ⁹,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance ¹
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause of thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch ², when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁸ — *cautious baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

⁹ *My first son,*] i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARB.
The author of the *Revisal* would read:

My fierce son. STEEVENS.

¹ *More than a wild exposure to each chance—*] I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

² *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

SCENE

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no fur
ther.—

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

[Exit Ædile.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[to Brutus.

Vir. You shall stay too: [*to Sicin*] I would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was

Was not a man my father³? Hadst thou foxship⁴
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good,—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)

³ *Sic.* Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—*Note but this fool.*—

Was not a man my father?] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out:

—*Note but this fool.*—

Was not a man my father? JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*:

"O mankind generation!"

Shakspeare himself, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"—a mankind witch."

Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso*:

"See, see this *mankind* trumpet; see, she cry'd,

"This shameless whore." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Hadst thou foxship, &c.*] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

Whom

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them

But once a day, it would unclog my heart

Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home^s,

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volee, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue⁶. What's the

^s — *You have told them home,*] So, again, in this play:

"I cannot speak him home." MALONE.

⁶ — *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*] Dr. Johnson would read *appear'd*, "i. e. strengthened, attested." If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges,

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla*, p. 622. edit. 1575: "—which perhaps wou'd not have *becomed* Pericles or Aristides." We have, I think, the same participle in *Timon of Athens*.

So Chaucer uses *dispaired*:

"Alas, quod Pandarus. what may this be

"That thou *dispaired* art," &c. MALONE.

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, sc. i:

"That, if again this apparition come,

"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it," STEEVENS.

distinctly

distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment⁷, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir⁸,
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

⁷ — *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Many an heir, &c*] I once thought that *heir* might mean here possessor; (So Shakspeare uses to inherit in the sense of to possess;) but *heir* I now think is used in its ordinary signification, for presumptive successor. So, in Act V. sc. ult.

“And patient fools,

“Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,

“With giving him glory.”

The words of Aufidius in the same scene may support either interpretation:

“—Though in this city he,

“Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,—”. MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns¹! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love¹,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out,
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I², and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

¹ *O, world, thy slippery turns! &c*] This fine picture of common friendship, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

¹ *Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 'twere in love,*] Our author has again used this verb in *Othello*:

“And he that is approv'd in this offence,

“Though he had *twinn'd* with me,—” &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

“Have with our needles created both one flower,

“Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

“Both warbling of one song, both in one key:

“As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

“Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

“Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

“But yet a union in partition,

“Two lovely berries molded on one stem:

“So, *with two seeming bodies, but one heart*;

“Two of the first,” &c. MALONE.

² *My birth place hate I.*] The old copy instead of *hate* reads—*have*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. “I'll enter,” means I'll enter the house of Aufidius. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re enter second Servant.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in
his head, that he gives entrance to such companions³? Pray,
get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
anon.

³ —that he gives entrance to such companions?] *Companions* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'the house; Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*pushes him away.*]

3. *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*beats him away.*]

Enter Aufidius, and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. *Serv.* Here, sir? I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor.

Cor. If, Tullus ⁴, [unmuffling.
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are required

⁴ If Tullus, &c.] These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps beleue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessity bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynfull seruice I haue done, and the extreme dangers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. In dede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my persone betwene thy enemies. Wherefore, it thou hast any hate to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, speede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemye, than such as haue neuer proued it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then am I also weary to liue any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemye, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." STEEVENS.

But

But with that surname; a good memory⁵,
 And witness of the malice and displeasure
 Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
 The cruelty and envy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
 Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
 I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee⁶, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame⁷ seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends⁸. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present

⁵ — a good memory.] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.
 See the preceding note. MALONE.

⁶ A heart of wreak in thee,—] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.
Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:
 "Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."
 Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83:
 "She faith that hir selfe she sholde
 "Do *wreche* with hir owne honde." STEEVENS.

⁷ — maims

Of shame—] This is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNS.

⁸ — with the spleen

Of all the under fiends.] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an inferior station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

"Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd

"Out of the powerful regions *under earth*," &c.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters⁹ ! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd ; never man
Sigh'd truer breath¹ ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Beside my threshold Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't : Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times², and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,

⁹ *And scarr'd the moon—*] Thus the old copy, and, I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened* ; a reading to which the following line in *K. Richard III.* certainly adds some support :

" *Amaze the welkin with your broken slaves.*" MALONE.

¹ — *never man*

Sigh'd truer breath ;] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

" I'll *figh* celestial *brea'h*, whose gentle wind

" Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634 :

" — Lover never yet made *figh*

" *Truer* than I." MALONE.

² — *Thou hast beat me out*

Twelve several times,] *Out* here means, I believe, *full, complete.*

MALONE.

And

And wak'd half dead with nothing³. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission; and set down,—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him
 with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made
 a report of him.

1. *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with
 his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2. *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
 thing in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
 I cannot tell how to term it.

1. *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,—'Would I
 were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I
 could think.

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest
 man i' the world.

³ *And wak'd half dead*—] Unless the two preceding lines be con-
 sidered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's con-
 cluding a sentence, as if the former had been constructed differently.
 "We have been down," must be considered as if he had written—
 I have been down *with you*, in my sleep, and *wak'd*, &c. See p. 64.
 n. 8. MALONE.

1. *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2. *Serv.* Who? my master?

1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1. *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2. *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3. *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what what? let's partake.

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was want to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so to himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too⁴.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand⁵, and turns up

4 — *he might have broil'd and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boil'd*. The change was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 — *sanctifies himself with's hand.*] Alluding, improperly to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy: clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears⁶: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd⁷.

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude⁸.

1. *Serv.*

⁶ *He will—fowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears.*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Suiller, Fr.*

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.* So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

"Venus will *fowle me by the ears* for this."

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules dragging out Cerberus.*

STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *fowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does: *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149 "A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 158. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage *to sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi wellere.* MALONE.

To fowle is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging in the West of England. S. W.

7 — *his passage poll'd.*] That is, *bared, cleared.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by T. Nashe, 1564: "— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove unruly, being pilled and *pould* too unconscionably." — *Pould* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* also. MALONE.

To poll a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Dametas's Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Like Nitus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd.*"

It likewise signify'd to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Flodden Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be *pelled.*" STEEVENS.

8 — *whilst he's in directitude.*] I suspect the author wrote: — whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose,

1. *Serv.* Direſtitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they ſhall ſee, ſir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood *, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To morrow; to-day; preſently. You ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again. This peace is nothing †, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tailors, and breed ballad makers.

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent ‡. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd §, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible; a getter of more baſtard children, than wars a deſtroyer of men ¶.

2. *Serv.* 'Tis ſo: and as wars, in ſome ſort, may be ſaid to be a raviſher; ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. *Serv.* Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to ſee Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are riſing, they are riſing.

All. In, in, in, in,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

ſuppoſe, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this ſervant, which had ſome reſemblance to ſenſe; but could hardly have meant that he ſhould talk abſolute nonſenſe. MALONE.

* — *in blood*—] See p. 135, n. 5. MALONE.

† *This peace is nothing, but to ruſt, &c.*] I believe a word or two have been loſt. Shakſpeare probably wrote:

This peace is good for nothing, but, &c. MALONE.

‡ — *full of vent*.] Full of rumour, full of materials for diſcourſe.

JOHNSON.

§ — *mull'd*—] i. e. ſoftened and diſpirited, as wine is when burnt and ſweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

¶ — *than wars a deſtroyer of men*] i. e. than wars are a deſtroyer of men. Our author almoſt every where uſes wars in the plural. See the next ſpeech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*than war's*, &c. which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this ſpeech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

M 2

His

His remedies are tame i' the present peace⁴
 And quietness o' the people, which before
 Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
 Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
 About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he's grown most kind
 Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd
 But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
 And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
 He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
 Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1. Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
 Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
 Had lov'd you as we did.

⁴ *His remedies are tame i' the present peace*] I suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this: *His remedies are tame*, i. e. *ineffectual*, in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

STEEVENS.

In, [*' the present peace*] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Cit.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was

A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance⁵.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow⁶,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,

⁵ —affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.] That is, without assessors; without any other
suffrage. JOHNSON.

⁶ —reason with the fellow,] That is, have some talk with him. In
this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. JOHNSON.

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come in,
That turns their countenances ⁷.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome ;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely :

He and Aufidius can no more atone ⁸,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,

⁷ *That turns their countenances*] i. e. that renders their aspect *four*.
This allusion to the acedence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“ It turns in less than two nights ? ” MALONE.

⁸ — *can no more atone.*] *To atone*, in the active sense, is to *reconcile*,
and is used by our author. *To atone* here, in the neutral sense, to *come*
to reconciliation. *To atone* is to *unite*. JOHNSON.

Atone seems to be derived from *at* and *one* ;—to reconcile to, or, to be
at union. In some book's of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in
its original form, “ —to reconcile and make them *at one*.” MALONE.

Associated

Associated with Aufidius, rages
 Upon our territories ; and have already
 O'er borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
 What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
 To melt the city leads * upon your pates ?
 To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
 Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
 Into an augre's bore †.

Men. Pray now, your news ?—

You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your news ?
 If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If !

He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
 Made by some other deity than nature,
 That shapes man better : and they follow him,
 Against us brats, with no less confidence,
 Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
 Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
 You, and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
 Upon the voice of occupation ‡, and
 The breath of garlick-eaters § !

Com.

* —the city leads—] Our authour, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

† —confin'd

Into an augre's bore] So, in *Macbeth* :

" — our fate hid in an augre-hole." STEEVENS.

‡ Upon the voice of occupation,] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business. So, again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii. " An I had been a man of any *occupation*," &c.

So, *Hæc race uses artes for artifices.*

" *Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes*

" *Infra se positas.*" MALONE.

§ The breath of garlick-eaters!] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

So,

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit³:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt⁴; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him⁵ even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have bought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "—he would mouth with a beggar,
though the smell'd brown bread and garlick." MALONE.

To smell of leeks was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman
people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

"—quis tecum fœtile porrum

Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?" STEEVENS.

3 *As Hercules, &c.*] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

STEEVENS.

4 *Do smilingly revolt,*] *To revolt smilingly* is to revolt with signs of
pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

5 *—they charg'd him, &c.*] Their charge or injunction would shew
them insensible to his wrongs, and make them shew like enemies.

They charg'd, and therein shew'd, has here the force of *They would*
charge, and therein shew. MALONE.

JOHNSON.
They'll

They'll roar him in again ⁶. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very
many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though
we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

Good work, you and your cry?—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt Com. and Men.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they seem to fear. Go home,
And shewn no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd
him.

⁶ *They'll roar him in again.*—] As they *hoated* at his departure, they
will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back
with lamentations. JOHNSON.

⁷ *You and your cry!*] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*,
a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players.

STEEVENS.

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like the news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol :—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp ; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him ; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now ;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier⁷
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him : Yet his nature
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him : but either
Had borne * the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state ;

7 — more proudlier—] We have already had in this play—more
worthier, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. 1. we have more kinder ;
yet the modern editors read here—more proudly. MALONE.

* Had borne—] The old copy reads—have borne ; which cannot be
right. For the emendation now made I am answerable. MALONE.

Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish⁸, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether⁹ defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all, *

⁸ *As is the osprey*—] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *offisraga*. POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,

"Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,

"But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,

"Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,

"They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."

LANGTON.

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Flodden*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed" STEEVENS.

⁹ — *whether 'twas pride,*

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether, &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*: but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

* *As he hath spices of them all, not all,*] i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent. MALONE.

For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance ¹. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time:
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done ².
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Rights by rights fouler ³, strengths by strengths, do fail.
 Come, let's away *. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor't of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

¹ — he has a merit

To choke it in the utterance.] He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

² And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what he hath done.] The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations—unto itself most commendable, i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this chair, he must have forgot the character, for as Mr. Malon has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear "his nothing monster'd." But I rather believe, "in the utterance" alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends; and then the lines of Horace quoted in p. 223, n. 1. may serve as a comment on the passage before us.

A passage in *Troilus and Cressida* may be urged in support of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

"The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

"If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth."

I still, however, think that our poet did not mean to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist. MALONE.

³ Rights by rights fouler, &c.] These words, which are exhibited exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, to the rivalry subsisting between Aufidius and Coriolanus, not to the preceding observation concerning the ill effect of extravagant encomiums. As one nail, says Aufidius, drives out another, so the strength of Coriolanus shall be subdued by my strength, and his pretensions yield to others, less fair perhaps, but more powerful. Aufidius has already declared that he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will destroy him. The modern editors read—Rights by right fouler, &c. which Mr. Steevens explains thus: "What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs." MALONE.

* Come, let's away.] I suspect that these words originally completed the preceding hemistich, "To extol what it hath done; and that Shak-
 speak

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SÆCINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.

Men. No, I'll not go : you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
But what o'that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome⁴,

speare in the course of composition, regardless of his original train of thought, afterwards moved the—*Come, let's away*, to their present situation, to complete the rhyming couplet with which the scene concludes. Were these words replaced in what perhaps was their original situation the passage would at once exhibit the meaning already given.

MALONE.

⁴ —*that have rack'd for Rome,*] To rack means to harass by exactions, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places :

“ The commons hast thou rack'd ; the clergy's bags

“ Are lank and lean with their extortions ”

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

To make coals cheap : A noble memory⁵ !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected : He reply'd,
It was a bare petition⁶ of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well :
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will

5 — *A noble memory !*] *Memory* for *memorial*. STEEVENS.

See p. 238, n. 5. MALONE.

6 *It was a bare petition*—] A *bare petition*, I believe means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. STEEVENS.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. and in *Timon of Athens*, the word *bare* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through ; having only a slight superficial covering. Yet, I confess this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to, the editor of the first folio substituted *base* for *bare*, improperly. In the passage before us perhaps *base* was the author's word. MALONE.

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd⁷:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him.
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success⁸.

[*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold⁹, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury

⁷ *He was not taken well; he had not din'd, &c.*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. *WARBURTON.*

⁸ *I shall ere long have knowledge*

Of my success.] Mr. Mason says, there could be no doubt that Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his success; and therefore, for I, would read you. That Menenius at some time would have knowledge of his success, is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would ere long gain that knowledge. That this is not always the case, when applications for favours are made to persons in high station, is well known to all who have ever been solicitors in courts; and if poetical authority be wanting, Spenser furnishes one in these well known lines:

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,

"What hell it is in suing long to bide;

"To loose good dayes that might be better spent,

"To waste long nights in pensive discontent, &c.

Maister Hubbard's Tale. MALONE.

⁹ *I tell you, he does sit in gold,—*] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Ἰσχυροδυναστεύων. Hen.—Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "—he was set in his chaire or state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majestie." Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in *K. Henry VIII. Act I. sc. i.*

"All clinquant, all in gold, like beathen gods." *STEEVENS.*

The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him :
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise* ; dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand : What he would do,
 He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
 Bound with an oath, to yield, to his conditions ¹ :
 So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife ² ;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The
 Guards at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. G. Stay : Whence are you ?
2. G. Stand, and go back.

¹ *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions :*] This whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

—*What he would do,*

He sent in writing after ; what he would not,

Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions,—

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that *all hope is vain*. JOHNSON.

I believe, two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring these words to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him.

FARMER.

² *So, that all hope is vain,*

Unless his noble mother, and his wife :] That this passage has been considered as difficult, surprises me. Many passages in these plays have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was peculiar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the present; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*. MALONE.

Men.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1. *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2. *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks³,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1. *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover⁴: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd my friends⁵,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity

3 —lots to blanks,] A lot here is a prize. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touch'd their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a lottery, which took its name from thence. So, in the continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002: "Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The lots were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small; which certainly is not his meaning. MALONE.

4 *The general is my lover:*] This also was the language of Shakespeare's time. MALONE.

5 *For I have ever verified my friends, &c.*] To *verify* is to *establish by testimony*. One may say with propriety, *he brought false witness to verify his title*. Shakespeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only means to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer*. JOHNS.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is, "I have ever spoke the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth. MALONE.

Would

Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground ⁶,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing ⁷ : Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. G. Faith, sir, if you have told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here : no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius always factionary on the party of your general.

2. G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. G. You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters ⁸, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceiv'd ; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

⁶ — upon a subtle ground,] *Subtle* means *smooth, level*. So, Jonson, in one of his masques :

“ Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus.”

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-grounds are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful* ? MALONE.

⁷ *Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing :*] I have almost given *he* *lie* such a sanction is to render it *current*. MALONE.

⁸ — the *virginal* palms of your daughters,] The adjective *virginal* is used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“ Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. ix :

“ She to them made with mildness *virginal*. STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

“ — tears *virginal*

“ Shall be to me even as the dew to fire.” MALONE.

Men.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,

Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant⁹ cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment¹ with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly², my remission lies

⁹ —a Jack guardant—] A common centinel perhaps. ANON.

¹ —guess but by my entertainment—] The old copy reads—guess but my, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson, and had likewise been proposed by Mr. Edwards in his Mf. note. It had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been omitted at the press, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.

² —Though I owe

My revenge properly.—] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined.

JOHNSON.

In

In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
 Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [Gives a letter.
 And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
 Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—
Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2. *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know
 the way home again.

1. *G.* Do you hear how we are shent³ for keeping your
 greatness back?

2. *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for
 such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are
 so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself⁴, fears it
 not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you,
 be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your
 age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

1. *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock,
 the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
 Set down our host—My partner in this action,
 You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly

3 — *how we are shent*—] Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his *Latin Dict.* 1679, renders to *shend*, *increps*. It is so used by many of our old writers. MALONE.

4 — *by him[elf]*—] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

I have

I have borne this business⁵.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading
young Marcius, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obdinate.—
What is that curst'ry worth? or those dove's eyes⁶,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gossling to obey instinct; but stand,

⁵ — *how plainly*

I have borne this business.] That is, *how openly, how* remotely from
artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *these dove's eyes.*] So, in the *Canticles*, v. 12. “—his eyes are
the eyes of doves.” STEEVENS.

As

As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so?

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace⁸. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven⁹, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate¹,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

[kneels.

Kol. O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.

[kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach²

Fillop

⁷ *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*

Makes you think so] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *like a dull actor now,*

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace.] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet:

"As an imperfect actor on the stage,

"Who with his fear is put beside his part,—" MALONE.

⁹ *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*—] That is, by *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy.

JOHNSON.

¹ *I prate.*] The old copy—I *pray*. The merit of the alteration is Theobald's. So, in *Othello*: "I prattle out of fashion." STEEVENS.

² — *on the hungry beach*—] The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwreck. Such, I think, is the meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—mine is all as hungry as the sea."

I once

Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee ³. 'Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola ⁴,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle ⁵,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours ⁶,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach. Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that “the hungry beach” means the *sterile*, *unprofitable* beach. “Every writer on husbandry (he adds,) speaks of hungry soil, and hungry gravel, and what is more barren than the sands on the sea shore?” He acknowledges, however, it may admit the explication already given. MALONE.

³ I help to frame thee.] Old Copy—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many instances, in which corruptions have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

⁴ The noble sister of Publicola,] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she comes with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

⁵ — chaste as the icicle, &c.] I cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful passage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:

“ — thou art chaste

“ As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

“ Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,

“ Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth ” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editor read *curdled*; but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *All's well that ends well*.—“I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood.” We should now write *mudded*, to express *begrimed*, *polluted with mud*.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-crafted* him. MALONE.

⁶ — epitome of yours,] I read:—*epitome of you*.

An epitome of you, which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of my corruption. MALONE.

Cor.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw⁷,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request⁸, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment⁹

And

⁷ *Like a great sea mark, standing every flaw,]* So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

“O no! it is an ever fixed mark,

“*That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*” MALONE.

Every flaw, is every gust, every storm. JOHNSON.

⁸ *That, if you fail in our request,—]* That is, if you fail to grant us our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame, &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we*; and his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

⁹ *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.]* “The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicerō, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's.” Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

And state of bodies would bewray what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake¹ with fear and sorrow ;
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
 Where to we are bound ; together with thy victory,
 Where to we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets ; or else

" If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake,
 the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would
 easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile
 and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more
 unfortunately then all the women liuinge we are come hether, consi-
 dering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to
 beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us : making my
 selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging
 the walles of his natue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort
 to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes,
 and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into
 most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for
 victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also : but a worlde
 of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enemie can heape upon
 us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most
 harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the
 two ; either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their native
 countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrise,
 till fortune in my life doe make an end of this warre. For if I can-
 not perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to over-
 throwe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the ma-
 lice and calamite of warres ; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto
 it, thou shalt no sooner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy
 foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into
 this world." FARMER.

¹ *Constrains them weep, and shake—*] That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.* JOHNSON.

Triumphantly tread on our country's ruin ;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine * : if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parties,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the Romans,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace ! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son :
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour ²,

* *These wars determine ;*] That is, *end.* MALONE.

² —*the fine strains of honour,*—] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.

The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. another in *Timon of Athens* ; and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. MALONE.

To

To imitate the graces of the gods ;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur³ with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks⁴. Thou hast never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition⁵ with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

³ *And yet to charge thy sulphur—*] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. sc. i. *charge* is printed instead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Like one i' the stocks.*] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Does reason our petition—*] Does argue for us and our petition. JOHNSON.

Cor. Mother, mother⁶!

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.

What have ye done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!

You have won a happy victory to Rome:

But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard *
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune⁷.

[Aside.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Cor. Ay, by and by; [To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.

But we will drink together; and you shall bear

A better witness back than words, which we,

On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve

To have a temple built you⁸: all the swords

In Italy, and her confederate arms,

Could not have made this peace.

[Exeunt.

⁶ *Mother, mother!*—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her hard by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see myself vanquished by you alone." STEEVENS.

* —*heard*—] is here used as a dissyllable. The modern editors read—*say*, would you have heard—. MALONE.

⁷ —*I'll work*

Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To have a temple built you:*] *Plutarch* informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.**Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.*

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capital; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse⁹. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state¹, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

⁹ —than an eight year old horse.] Sub intelligitur remembers his dam.

WARBURTON.

¹ He sits in his state, &c.] In a foregoing note he was said to sit in gold. The phrase, as a thing made for Alexander, means, as one made to resemble Alexander. JOHNSON.

His state means his chair of state. See the passage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 255, n. 9. MALONE.

Sic.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd, The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates². Why, hark you;
[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.
The

² *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"As through an arch the violent roaring tide

"Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste."

Blown in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— here on her breast

"There is a vent of blood, and something blown."

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch. MALONE.

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you ! *[Shouting again.]*

Men. This is good news :

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !
[Shouting and music.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings : next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. *[going.]*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

1. Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repel him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Antium. A publick Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays :

“ My boat sails swiftly both with wind and tide.” STEEVENS.

Bid

Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse *,
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words : Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Att.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome !

1. *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference ; but the fall of either
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth : Who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
 By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoken of :

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;
 Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
 Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
 In all his own desires ; nay let him choose

* Him I accuse,—&c.] So, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ I am appointed *him* to murder you.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*He* I accuse.—

MALONE.

Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself the wrong; till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance³, as if
I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that he look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd⁴ upon him.
As a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*]

1. *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,

3 *He wag'd me with his countenance,—*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in Green's *Mamillia*, 1593: "—by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price"

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for wages. So, in Geo. Withers's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Good speed befall thee who hast *wag'd a task*,

"That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

"—must *wage*

"Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage." STEEVENS.

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of K. John*, p. 168: "—the summe of 23 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men."

4 *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd—*] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

Which

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1. *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin ; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us,
With our own charge^s ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding ; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours ; a crowd of
Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans : And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

^s —*answering us*

With our own charge ;] That is, *recoar*ding us with our own ex-
pences ; making the cost of the war its recompence. JOHNSON.

Auf.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now ?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius ; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with a robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt⁶, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother :
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting
Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha !

Auf. No more ?

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O slave !—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him ; that
Must bear my beating to his grave ;) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,

⁶ For certain drops of salt—] For certain tears. So, in *K. Lear* :

" Why this would make a man, a man of salt." MALONE.

⁷ *Auf. No more.*] This should rather be given to the first lord. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation.

TYRWHITT.

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which you for shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't.

[*several speaking at once.*

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He kill'd my son;—my daughter;—He kill'd my cousin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2. *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth⁸. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,

⁸ — his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth:] His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
 Help, three o' the chiefest foldiers ; I'll be one.—
 Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
 Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
 Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
 Which to this hour bewail the injury,
 Yet he shall have a noble memory ⁹.—
 Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march
 sounded* ¹.

⁹ — a noble memory.] *Memory for memorial.* STEEVENS.

See p. 254, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius ; the lo ty lady's dignity in Volumnia ; the bridal modesty in Virgilia ; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus ; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety ; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

[END OF VOLUME THE TENTH.]

